

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1237.—February 15, 1868.

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### New Books —

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILDER DWIGHT, Lieut.-Col. Second Mass.**

Inf. Vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

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—*Transcript.*

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## A ROWL AMONG THE REVOLUTIONS.

## I.

On the revolutions  
Of the constitutions,  
And the institutions  
In Church and State!  
When the people thundered,  
And the statesmen blundered,  
In 1800  
And 48!  
When States were shattered,  
And crowns were battered,  
And the French king scattered  
By the people's will;  
The barriers shaving,  
And his bacon saving,  
Took the Newhaven  
Packet from Trouville!

## II.

What fighting and *tayring*,  
Every street and square in,  
Like Donnybrook Fair in  
The *devil's* own roar!  
What cannonading,  
And barricading,  
Cockading and parading  
Of the tricolour!  
Such grand attacking,  
Blazing away and cracking,  
And such bivouacking,  
And the heaps of slain!  
Och, Molly, jewel!  
You may think me cruel;  
But I hope myself nor you will  
Ever see the likes again!

## III.

'Twas in Febru-ayry,  
So *could* and drayry,  
The revolution-ayry  
*Divilment* began;  
President Lamartine,  
The Republic starting,  
Which Ledru took part in  
And Lewy Blanc!  
Then the great red sections  
'Mongst their own connections  
*Riz* insurrections,  
And fired away;  
Till Cavaignac's might again  
Put them all to flight again;  
And they lived to fight again  
Some other day!

## IV.

The mighty mania  
Ran through Transylvania,  
Where Kossuth and Bathyani  
Upset the crown;  
The mob in Cassel  
Held a three days' wassail,  
And a dirty drunken vassal  
Knocked th' Elector down!!

Berlin and Baden  
All the world ran mad in;  
And hot work they had in  
Venice and Milan;  
The Frankfort Diet  
Wouldn't keep quiet;  
And from Rome in riot  
Poor Pio Nono ran!

## V.

Bould Fergus O'Connor  
Tried *ould* England's honour,  
Bringing down upon her  
His fierce democra-cie—  
Chartists and sinners,  
Weavers, dyers, and spinners  
(All wanting their dinners),  
From the North Coun-tree!  
But Counsellor Tapril,  
On the Tenth of April,  
Put an end to their vapouring  
With the Temple Special Corps;  
And the Lord Mayor's criers,  
At the Bridge of Blackfriars,  
Shut up the fools and liars  
For evermore!

## VI.

All this green Erin,  
Sure, must take her share in,  
Her sunburnt banner rearing,  
And her Minstrel Boys  
Roaring "high defiance,"  
Like Irish lions,  
For the great Smith O'Brien's,  
And the people's cause.  
But every bard in  
The Cabbage Garden,  
Not worth a rap farthing,  
From forty-six  
*Kikenny* peelers  
Turned tail, like wheelers,  
Or like sheep-stealers,  
And cut their sticks!

## VII.

So, success to spouters,  
Revolution-touters,  
And all out-and-outers,  
'Gainst the powers that be!  
Turmoil and trouble,  
And our taxes double,  
And the glorious bubble  
Of *uny-varsal* liberty!  
Smash the people's fetters!  
And teach them their letters,  
(Sure they're now our *betters*!)  
Or, perhaps, too late,  
We'll see our blunder,  
And hear the thunder  
In 1800  
And 68!!

— Temple Bar.

From The Westminster Review.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

*The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind.*

By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1867.

"A MAN'S body and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; — rumple the one, you rumple the other." Such was the philosophy of a shrewd observer of men a century ago, a contemporary therefore of Berkeley, of Hume, and of Reid, and it may fairly be doubted whether he had not approached, after his own fashion, at least as nearly to the truth as any of the professed metaphysicians. To say that psychology has been and is unprogressive, that amongst all the progress and advance in other departments of human knowledge, this, the most interesting of all, the most important of all in its scope and in its consequences, remains to this day where Plato left it, has become a mere commonplace. Or if indeed we flatter ourselves that this science too has in our day at last begun to move forward, like so many other branches of knowledge stationary hitherto, we are told that it owes its advance not to the metaphysicians or psychologists *ex professo*, but to the physiologists, not to introspection or the interrogation of consciousness, but simply to the scalpel and the microscope, the reagent and the balance; in other words, that if we have learned anything at last of the human mind it has been learned from the side of the body, by giving up the attempt to study mind as such, and working at the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system. Such is, in the main, the doctrine which Dr. Maudsley puts forth in the work whose title heads this essay. In the main we believe it to be true, and our object in what follows will be to put forward, in the first place, a short statement of what appears to us to be the present position of our knowledge of mental physiology, and of the method of studying it which promises the best result at the present day, and finally, to show how far our conclusions agree with Dr. Maudsley's, and in what points we differ from him.

Before, however, we enter upon this task, there are two remarks which we feel called upon to make — one in justice to Dr. Maudsley, the other for the purpose of defining our own position. In the first place, then, it is only right to say that Dr. Maudsley's book is written with a double

aim, and has two quite distinct characters. The first part is a treatise on the physiology of mind, and it is to this almost exclusively that we intend to confine our attention, but the second part may, in the author's words, "stand on its own account as a treatise on the causes, varieties, pathology, and treatment of mental diseases, apart from all question of the proper method to be pursued in the investigation of mental phenomena." It is to be understood, therefore, that it is not because we undervalue this portion of the work that we leave it almost unnoticed on this occasion, but simply because we have taken quite enough in hand in the above programme without it, and to enter fairly upon the questions of the pathology and treatment of insanity in addition would lead us too far afield.

The other purpose for which we desire to detain our readers for a moment further is to enter a protest in plain terms against any deductions in theological matter which may be made from propositions which we lay down in physiological. We decline in the most positive terms to look at these questions from a theological point of view, or to admit that any facts which we may point out involve any theological conclusions whatsoever. "*Da fidei quæ fidei sunt*;" neither religion nor science has ever profited, or ever will profit by a half-hearted and dishonest habit of estimating facts not exclusively and fairly according to their own value, but always with a collateral view to their effect upon some dogma of the schools much more warmly cherished than clearly understood. Science has not profited, for to this habit we owe all those demi-scientific attempts to reconcile geology with Genesis, &c., which have done so much to foster a thoroughly unscientific tone of mind among our countrymen; and still less have the interests of religion been advanced by it since the successive collapse of such attempts has given rise to the notion of a perpetual antagonism between religion and science, in which the former is being gradually driven from each successive line of defence. No proposition which can be advanced about the relation of mind and matter can ever be more subversive of popular theological notions in the nineteenth century than were the astronomical propositions of Galileo of those of the sixteenth; yet we doubt not there have been as good Christians since Galileo's time as ever there were before, and we would further remind our readers, in the words of Sir W. Hamilton, that "religious disbelief and philosoph-

ical scepticism are not merely not the same, but have no natural connexion."\*

In discussing the right method to be followed in the study of mind, Dr. Maudsley makes himself merry with the divergent results at which philosophers have arrived by the methods of interrogating consciousness, whether introspectively or psychologically. Whether he is justified in so doing must be determined by the success or failure of the positive side of his argument. If he can show that by the use of a new method more consistent results may be obtained, he is so far justified in asserting that the older one is worn out and discredited, but to bring forward the differences of professors as a general reason for discrediting the branch of knowledge which they profess, is to employ a weapon which turns every way, and is most undoubtedly a very efficient bar against all real approach to the tree of knowledge.

It is but the most elementary facts in any science which meet with immediate acceptance, or at least in any science which has not reached the deductive stage; and the physiologists are not less obnoxious to such reproach, if reproach it be, than the psychologists themselves. Of the truth of the charge, however, as applied to the latter, there can be no doubt. While all alike agree that the witness of consciousness must be received as final, there is a never-ending dispute as to the facts to which it bears witness. One school of philosophers hold with Hamilton that consciousness testifies directly to the existence both of the *ego* and the *non ego* — the mind itself and the external world; others affirm with Mill that we are conscious only of the modifications of the mind itself; and others again, like the late Professor Ferrier, look upon both these opinions as untenable, and indeed, as self-destructive, reject all analysis of perception, and hold a view almost indistinguishable from that of Berkeley — viz., that matter, and the perception of matter, cannot be divided in thought.

If results so divergent as these, and these are but a small portion of what might be produced, are all that psychology can give us, we may at least reasonably look round to see if physiology cannot do more for us; and if any further justification were needed, it might surely be found in the phenomena which the most superficial observation of facts around us brings under our notice, almost whether we will or no.

The very slightest consideration of such

facts is sufficient to show us, not merely the intimate relations which subsist between bodily conditions and what are commonly spoken of as states of mind, but, further than this, how precisely analogous mental results may be produced by conditions which we hear called in one case purely mental, in another purely physical, and might therefore serve to suggest that something might be learned from the side of the body as to the conditions at least of the operation of the mind. Thus we perceive that the imbibition of a given amount of alcohol produces exactly the same effect on a man's mental state as does the reception of a piece of good news; or again, that the sudden announcement of a terrible calamity will affect some persons much in the same way as will a heavy blow on the head, or an overdose of opium; or again, that a nauseous smell or a disgusting sight will bring about the same condition as a rapid loss of blood. Coming to instances slightly less obvious than these we may remind our readers of the existence of well established cases in which raving madness has resulted from the presence of a splinter of glass in the foot or the absorption of a poison by the blood. Of this class of instances some of the most remarkable and suggestive may be found in those cases which have been known to physicians ever since the days of Sydenham as occasionally occurring in districts affected with marsh miasm, in which, instead of the ordinary symptoms of intermittent fever, persons have been attacked with perfectly well marked mania which has intermitted and recurred with the same regularity as the ordinary ague, and has yielded to the common remedy with as much readiness as the fever itself in the other cases in the neighbourhood. Sometimes, too, the attack of insanity begins after the ague has lasted some time; the ordinary symptoms of ague suddenly disappear and the maniacal attacks come on at the precise intervals at which the paroxysms of fever should have appeared. In such occurrences as these we see two effects, a physical and a psychical one, brought about by the same material agent, and the one taking the place of the other with a regularity and completeness which remind one of nothing so much as of that substitution of one elementary substance by its equivalent of another which occurs in a chemical decomposition. We will mention one other instance of affection of the mind by the condition of the body, because, while even more familiar to most persons than some which we have already noticed,

\* Appendix to Lecture, I. 394; see also Mill upon Hamilton, p. 139.



it is pre-eminently one in which no other than a purely bodily cause can be assigned for the production of a mental effect. It is a matter of common experience that while persons affected with certain classes of disease suffer the most terrible depression of spirits and dejection of mind, those subject to other complaints are almost invariably cheerful and hopeful. Thus while a consumptive patient is almost always hopeful to the last, and generally in good spirits throughout his illness, another suffering from diseased liver and jaundice adds much to his own sufferings by perpetual depression and gloomy forebodings. Now, in the cases which we have supposed, and which are so common as to be almost proverbial, there is simply no difference in psychical conditions to which we can refer the obvious difference in psychical results. The pain and uneasiness to be endured in the one case may be by no means less than in the other, the prospects of recovery may be far worse in the pulmonary than in the hepatic disorder, yet the result remains the same; the man ill of the former will be, as a rule, cheerful, the one suffering from the latter will be, as a rule, wretched and despondent. Now, however, much of the pathology of such diseases may yet remain to be discovered, of this we can have no doubt — viz., that the constitution of the blood is altered in both cases, and altered differently in each; and from this alteration of the bodily conditions it results that while what make up ordinarily the psychical circumstances of the two patients, *i.e.*, prospects of recovery, social and pecuniary condition, family affection, domestic comfort, freedom from anxiety, &c., remain the same, the psychical phenomena presented by the two will differ, and differ withal in accordance with a fixed law which admits of being in most cases predicted when we only know the name of the disease to which they are victims.

If, then, such facts as the above are open to ordinary observation, and they might be indefinitely multiplied, it is only surprising that philosophers should have been detained so long from undertaking the study of mind from the side of physiology, and that they should admit the conclusions arrived at by physiologists so tardily and grudgingly as they have hitherto done. Into the causes of this reluctance on the part of philosophers to make common cause with the physiologists we cannot now inquire at length, but we may enumerate three which appear in different ways to have conduced greatly to this result. 1st, The natural conserva-

tism of mankind by which all but men of real power, on the one hand, or mere coxcombs on the other, are constrained to follow in the road which has been already well worn before them; 2nd, Another cause which we believe has had no little influence in this matter is the ease and comfort with which a man can sit in his easy-chair, and read books, and spin theories, and write annotations, as compared with the labour and discomfort, and the many disgusting incidents with which he must be prepared to meet, if he will ever become practically acquainted with the researches of physiologists, and far more if he will devote his personal efforts to extend the boundaries of the science. 3rd, Another cause remains more potent by far even than these, and that is the morbid dread of theological error to which we have before adverted.

Having now indicated very shortly a few of the phenomena within the range of every observer, which serve to demonstrate the close interdependence which subsists between the condition of the body and the action of the mind, and to suggest, therefore, that something may be learned concerning the latter by a careful investigation of the former, we proceed to place before our readers the results, in the shape of observed facts and legitimate inferences from those facts, which the careful study of the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system has actually added to our knowledge.

Anatomy, then, has shown in the first place that in all animals whatsoever, which possess a nervous system at all, whether in the simplest or the most complex form, that system consists of two elements, both in structure and in function diverse from one another. There are (1) white matter consisting of fibres of a peculiar structure, and (2) other matter of a grey colour,\* consisting of a mass of granules and cells of various shapes and sizes, the latter having numerous branches thrown out in all directions, and now known to become, in many instances, continuous either with similar branches of other cells, or with some of the strands of the white fibres already noticed. It is further shown that the white fibres are to be found in all parts of the nervous system, that their office is simply

\* We have used throughout the term "grey matter" in speaking of the vesicular nerve matter. It is the term in common use among anatomists, and is sufficiently correct when vertebrate animals are spoken of; but it is necessary to note that the vesicular matter is not by any means distinctively grey in invertebrate animals, a fact which adds considerably to the difficulty of observation upon the nervous system in the lower creatures.

internuntiant, and that no fresh force is ever generated by them. The grey matter, on the other hand, is placed in masses of various size and form in definite portions of the nervous system. It is highly probable that wherever such matter exists, there is a true centre of nervous force, and quite certain that where it is not there is no such centre; no fresh nerve force is ever produced without the agency of the grey matter. To employ the well-worn illustration of the electric telegraph, than which none better can be used, the grey matter resembles the battery at the station, and produces force of a particular kind and degree, the white fibres are precisely analogous to the telegraph wires which propagate the force generated by the battery to a distance, but produce no force themselves.

In order to render this portion of our subject intelligible to those of our readers who are not anatomists, it is necessary to attempt a slight sketch of the principal forms of the nervous system, as it exists in various classes of animals. It is of course impossible to render this complete, and it may be well here to state that we omit all reference to the whole of those very various and dissimilar forms of life which make up Cuvier's sub-kingdom radiata, as well as some of the lower forms of mollusca. This we do, not because these creatures are destitute of a nervous system in all cases, but because our space is limited, as no doubt is also the patience of our readers; and also because the nervous systems of many of these are still doubtful, the observation of them is extremely difficult, and it can hardly be said that enough is certainly known about them at present to render it obligatory upon us to take them into consideration in forming any general conclusions in regard to the physiology of the subject. It is, however, only right to remark that indications are not absolutely wanting of possible discoveries in this direction, which might necessitate considerable modifications in the views generally entertained as to both the development and the physiology of the nervous system. In many creatures of the classes of which we now speak (*e.g.* in planaria) there are eye spots; these we can hardly suppose to be other than more or less rudimentary organs of special sense, and it is hard to conceive the discharge of the functions of special sense without the existence of a nervous system. It has even been suggested by an eminent physiologist, that the nervous system is developed gradually, as it were, to meet the occasion for its use,

and that the order of its development is from without inwards. Thus, in for instance the infusoria, where there is no distinct differentiation of tissues, there are to be found certain granules of pigment which must manifestly be affected by light in a different manner from the remaining mass of the animal's body. In other instances in the same class, we find a small transparent highly-refracting body—in fact a lens—in the midst of the pigment granule, and the next step, as it is suggested, would be the differentiation of a portion of tissue in immediate connexion with such bodies, in order to take cognizance, as it were, of their affection by light, and communicate it to the organism at large; the tissue thus differentiated would be in fact a rudimentary peripheral nervous system, and thus the whole creature would become more sensitive to the stimulus of light, and be raised in the scale of organic life. Now if we suppose further that the particles of matter upon which such creatures live, are more numerous in light than in dark portions of water, or that the light, as it is reflected from them, will, if it can be perceived by the animalcules, be a guide to the portion of water in which they abound, we have at once a reason, upon Darwinian principles, why such an advance in organization should gradually take place.

Returning from this digression, we will begin our review with the simple case of the nervous system as it exists in one of the lower mollusca, the ascidian, or common squirter. This consists of a small mass of vesicular matter, or ganglion, as it is called, with two simple cords of white fibre. The mode of action of this simple arrangement is as follows. When any neighbouring body touches the tissues in which these cords are distributed, one of them, called the afferent cord, instantly propagates the irritation upwards to the ganglion of grey matter; thence it is reflected back along the other or efferent cord to the muscles to which that cord is distributed, and by these the movements required for the benefit of the organism are forthwith performed. And this structure and function, simple and mechanical as it appears, is repeated through all the varying forms and complexities of the nervous system, from the lowly mollusc up to the most highly organized of the vertebrata, and reappears in man himself unaltered in any essential particular, but with some new structure and new function superadded as the increasing complexity of the several organisms requires. In such action as we have described it is hardly

necessary to say that nothing like sensation as we understand it is implied, far less consciousness, which does not evidently appear till we reach a far higher level in the scale of animal life; it seems indeed to be but one degree removed from the irritability which occasions the shrinking of the stamens of a barberry or the contractility displayed by the cut end of a muscle when stimulated by the electric current.

If then we trace the arrangement of the nervous system in its gradually increasing complexity through the various classes which make up the molluscous division of animals, as for instance from the ascidian or common squirts of our sea-shores, through the oyster, the cockle, the slug, the snail, up to the nautilus and the cuttle-fish, the most highly developed of them all, we find a gradual advance upon this simple type, of which the general features are as follows:—

(1) With each additional structure subserving a new function there is an increased development of ganglionic or grey nerve matter.

(2) The ganglia as a rule show a tendency to become concentrated into a few comparatively large masses in somewhat close approximation to one another, and also to the gullet of the animal as the latter ascends in the series.

(3) Where organs of special sense (sight, hearing, &c.) are developed, there are developed *pari passu*, not internuntiant nerve fibres only, but also special ganglia to which these nerve fibres may be traced, till in the cuttle-fish and its allies we find a great central nerve mass situated in the head, and bearing a very close analogy to certain nerve centres within the cranium of the vertebrata, and among them, of man himself.

If now we trace the same system through the other great division of the animal kingdom, the articulated or segmented animals, through, that is, the leech, the earthworm, the caterpillar, the moth and the spider, the lobster and the crab, we find that though the nervous system is arranged upon a different plan in accordance with the different position which these animals occupy in the world, and the proportionately greater development in them of the locomotive apparatus in comparison with the vegetative system which is so highly developed in the mollusca, yet that to a great extent the same general laws of advancement prevail. The general plan of the nervous system in articulated animals may be said to be that each ring or segment into which the body

of the creature is divisible, possesses a ganglion, or a pair of ganglia, from which nerve fibres are given off; and thus each segment appears to have the same arrangement of cords and ganglia which constitutes the whole nervous apparatus of the ascidian mollusc. In addition to this, however, in all articulated there are two longitudinal cords which run the whole length of the body, connecting together the ganglia of the several segments, and thus bringing them all into relation with one another, and with the head of the animal. Here also we find that with a general advancement in the type of the animal and an increased development of the organs of special sense, there is the same gradual increase in the mass of ganglionic matter, the same tendency to concentration of it in masses around the gullet, as we have seen in the parallel division, the mollusca.

In order to make this portion of our subject intelligible to those of our readers who are more conversant with psychological than with physiological literature, we must here depart from the natural order of our subject, and pass at once to a sketch of the nervous system in the vertebrata, not as it exists in the lowest members of that sub-kingdom, but in the highest—viz., in man himself. Now subducting for the present that which is called the sympathetic system—viz., a set of ganglionic bodies distributed over the viscera and connected by internuntiant cords both with each other and with the nerve centres, the nervous system in man may be said to consist of the following parts:—(1) The spinal cord, lodged within the canal formed by the vertebræ, which together form the backbone, and extending from the base of the skull to about the place of origin of the lowest rib. (2) A small but important portion of nerve matter known to anatomists as the medulla oblongata, which is to outward appearance a continuation of the spinal cord within the head, but which, as we shall presently see, has special endowments of its own. (3) Several masses of nerve substance arranged in pairs along the floor of the skull, and known collectively as the sensory ganglia. (4) A further mass of matter situated above and behind the medulla oblongata, and called in the language of the ancient anatomists the cerebellum or little brain; and (5) finally, two large lobes of nervous substance plicated and convoluted apparently for the purpose of economizing space in the accommodation of the largest possible quantity of grey or ganglionic matter.

These form the cerebrum or great brain. They are superimposed upon all the other nerve centres just enumerated, and in man are of so great size that when the brain is looked down upon from above they cover the whole of the others, including the cerebellum. Such are the nerve centres as they exist in man, that is to say, the organs in which grey nervous matter is to be found, and which are capable alone of originating fresh nerve force. All these centres are thus divided for purposes of description, and though functionally distinct are bound together into one great system, which we may call collectively the crano-spinal nerve centres, and from them or from certain parts of them arise (speaking anatomically, not now physiologically,) the nerves themselves in the following manner. From the spinal cord are given off thirty-one pairs of nerves, each arising by two roots from the cord itself, which combine immediately upon leaving the bony canal in which the latter is lodged, and are then distributed to the muscles and the skin of the body and limbs, and serving the functions of locomotion and sensation, including the special sense of touch. Above these, and having their origins in the upper part of the spinal cord, in the medulla oblongata, and in some of the sensory ganglia, are twelve other pairs of nerves, which minister to the actions of breathing and swallowing, which supply common sensation and motion to the skin and muscles of the head and face, and which further subserve the special senses of smell, sight, taste, and hearing. The same essential features are preserved in the arrangement of the nervous system throughout the vertebrate sub-kingdom, only we find it less elaborated, less fully developed, less complex, as we descend through the several divisions of beasts, birds, reptiles, amphibia, fishes, down to those lowest representatives of this sub-kingdom, the cyclostome fishes, whose nervous system presents little if any advance upon that of the highest invertebrata, though still in point of structure formed upon the vertebrate plan.

The most remarkable and distinctive feature of the nervous system of the vertebrata is the cerebrum or brain proper. This organ, of which no certain analogue can be shown to exist amongst the invertebrata, is present in all but the very lowest vertebrate animals, and, though small and to all appearance comparatively insignificant in fishes and amphibia, constantly increases in size, complication, and importance as we ascend the scale, until in man and in the

higher mammalia it presents a degree of complexity and a preponderance in size which mark it out as forming the most important part of the whole organism.

We may state here parenthetically that though we use the word series, and speak of ascending in the scale of the animal kingdom and so on as a matter of convenience, yet we beg our readers to bear in mind that the relation between one organism and others is not that of the links of a chain, or the rounds of a ladder, but rather that of the mesh of a net with those which surround it on all sides, or of the cell of a honeycomb with the rest of the structure.

We may now escape from these details of structure which, however, were necessary to make the rest of our argument intelligible, and beg our readers to follow us for a few minutes through a short statement of the chief facts fairly made out as to the functions of the nerve centres which we have been describing, and the kind of evidence by which these facts have been established. The lines of evidence then are mainly as follows:—1. Comparison of the nervous system of various animals with each other in regard both to structure and to function. 2. Observation of the effect of disease or injury upon men and animals, and comparison of the alterations thus produced in the structure of their nervous systems with the functional derangement observed; and 3. Direct experimentation, whereby observations similar to the last are made, only with the difference that in this case special lesions are produced artificially with a view to throw light upon those portions of nervous function which anatomy and observation have left undiscovered. As our chief business in the present article is with the brain or highest portion of the nervous system as the organ of the mind, we shall very briefly run over the chief results which physiology has attained in regard to its other parts.

It may be regarded then as established that the nerves, including for the moment those of special sense, subserve two distinct purposes, and that the individual fibres retain their special endowments from their origin in the spinal cord to their termination in the skin or in the muscles, although fibres of both kinds are frequently bound up in the same strand. These two endowments are those of sensation and motion, and it is found in the case of the spinal nerves which arise, as we have already said, by two roots from the spinal cord, that the posterior of the two roots serves the

purpose of sensation and the anterior of motion, but that after they have combined together as they emerge from the spinal canal, the compound nerve trunk which they form possesses both these endowments.

The spinal cord itself is a true nerve centre; it contains a large amount of grey nerve matter in its interior portions, which is brought into close connexion with the nerve roots, while the outer part consists of longitudinal white fibres, which there is every reason to believe serve to bring the different portions of the cord itself into harmonious action with each other, and also as cords of connexion between it and the still higher nerve centres within the skull. It is at once a true nerve centre in function, and also an internuntiant cord of communication between its own nerves and those higher nervous centres, that is to say, it has a power of either originating nerve-force within itself in response to a stimulus from without, and reflecting it immediately through the motor nerves, or passing on the effect of that stimulus to the centres within the head, and as it were receiving orders from them, to be immediately passed on to the efferent nerves. This is proved by innumerable experiments and cases of disease; thus, if the spinal cord in man or any animal be divided in the neck, below the point at which the respiratory nerves are given off, it is found that he immediately loses both the power of moving his legs, and also all sensation in the skin of those parts. Meanwhile, however, if the skin of one of his feet be touched with the finger, or with a feather, the leg is at once drawn up, though the man himself, unless informed of the fact in some other way, is not aware either of the contact or of the action. This one instance, and such might be multiplied indefinitely, is enough to establish both the functions which we have assigned to this portion of the nervous system, since the cessation of sensation and of voluntary motion coincidently with the injury to the upper part of the cord is proof that this is the ordinary channel of these functions, while the persistence of action in response to local stimulus serves to demonstrate the independent action—reflex-action as it is called—of the uninjured portion as a separate centre of nerve force. It is hardly necessary to add, that if the injury, instead of affecting the cord itself, affects the nerves which supply the limb immediately after they leave the cord, while sensation and voluntary motion cease, as in the former case, no reflex-action is

established, inasmuch as there remains no nerve centre to which the stimulus can be conveyed by the afferent nerve. In this manner it may be demonstrated that each segment of the spinal cord, with its double nerve attached, resembles essentially the whole of that simplest form of nervous system which we found in the ascidian mollusc, or that portion of such a system which exists in each segment of an articulated animal.

Proceeding upwards, a very similar train of experimentation and reasoning serves to convince us that the medulla oblongata, while serving as the connecting link between the spinal cord and the brain, is also in itself the independent centre of the actions of swallowing and breathing; for it is found that while a frog will live and breathe when deprived of the whole of its nerve centres both above and below this one, yet it dies as soon as that is injured, and similarly that a man in whom this part is crushed or damaged instantly ceases to breathe. There is reason also to believe, as Schroeder van der Kolk has shown, that some portion of this nerve centre is brought into action for the purpose of combining the various muscular actions which are employed in speech. When we get to the nerve centres completely enclosed within the skull, the evidence as to their function is neither so plentiful nor so conclusive, and in particular the function of the cerebellum has ever been a difficulty to physiologists. At present there seems reason to believe that it serves either for the harmonious co-ordination of muscles which are actually moved by means of other nerve centres, or that it is the organ whereby the condition of the muscles as to tension, relaxation, &c., is made known to the mind. The view upheld formerly, chiefly by the phrenologists, that the cerebellum is the seat of the sexual passion, appears to have no valid evidence whatever, and is directly contradicted by many unquestioned facts. With regard to the functions of those nervous centres known as the sensory ganglia, all the above lines of evidence are open to us, though in this case especially the testimony of direct experiment is to be received with some reserve, inasmuch as it appears to be nearly impossible to separate in the observed phenomena the results due to the intentional lesion from those depending upon the violent character of the operation necessary for effecting it.

That the small masses of nerve matter, known to anatomists as the corpora quadrigemina, are really the nerve centre of



the sense of sight, may be looked upon as almost certain, inasmuch as blindness has been found to result from their destruction, whether by disease in man or by extirpation in the lower animals. But that the larger portions of the sensory ganglia, those known as the corpora striata and the thalami optici, "constitute," in the words of Dr. Carpenter, "the real sensorium," that is to say, the portion of the brain by and in which the mind becomes conscious of common sensation, cannot be looked upon as *proved*, although there is evidence enough to make it highly probable. Thus, the fibres forming the anterior and lateral columns of the spinal cord, and thus in somewhat close connexion with the anterior or motor nerve roots, can be traced through the medulla oblongata and other portions of the encephalon directly into the corpora striata, but *not* through these bodies to the cerebrum itself; and similarly, those forming portions of the posterior, and the posterior part of the lateral columns of the spinal cord, are traceable into the thalami optici. And thus if there is, as we shall presently show, some reason to believe that an organ of sensation and motion exists distinct from that of volition and thought, it appears also reasonable to believe that these nerve centres are its seat. To the probable functions of this portion of the brain we shall find it necessary to return presently.

Meanwhile, we proceed in the next place to consider what are called the cerebral hemispheres, or brain proper, the organ, as is now universally believed, of intellectual action and volition. If we inquire, in the first place, what evidence there is that this portion of the brain, or indeed any portion or the whole of the brain, is such an organ, we shall find that it belongs to the class of inferences, and not of observed facts; the inferences, it is true, are such as to most minds are nearly irresistible but they are inferences, nevertheless. First in order, we may take the following facts in anatomy and zoology, viz., that in the lowest known vertebrate animal, the amphioxus, no structure answering to the cerebral hemispheres exists, and its nervous system ends with those centres known in higher animals as the sensory ganglia. Proceeding upwards to the osseous fishes, we find in them acerebellum developed, and also faint rudiments of cerebral hemispheres. In some of the higher fishes the hemisphere is first clearly differentiated from the representative of the corpus striatum below it, but even in these it is far smaller than the optic gan-

glion which in man bears something the same comparison to it in size that a hazel-nut does to a cocoa-nut. So also through the reptiles, birds, and mammals, does the cerebrum gradually increase, not in size only, as compared with the other portions of the nervous system, but in complexity of structure also, until it reaches in the anthropoid apes a structure and a degree of development second only to that which it attains in man. It would be difficult enough no doubt, or rather indeed impossible, to establish any constant relation between this gradual advance in type of brain and an equally gradual advance in psychical development; but yet, practically, no one doubts that a bird is more intelligent than a tortoise, a dog than a bird, or an ape than either, and the difficulty which we find in following up the development of intelligence through all the classes of animals may be charged much more fairly upon our imperfect acquaintance which the psychical phenomena of animals in general, than upon any want of correspondence between their intelligence and their brains. Another anatomical fact of some significance in this relation is, that no nerves of sensation are connected directly with the cerebral hemispheres, nor any nerves of motion given off directly from them. Coming now from anatomical to experimental evidence, we find that animals deprived of their cerebral hemispheres may continue to live for a length of time, and if supplied with food will eat and drink; they can also stand and move about, and even avoid obstacles placed in their way, and their special senses are not affected, but beyond these they display no evidence of psychical life, and remain when undisturbed tranquil and unintelligent, as if fallen into a deep sleep. It is further proved by the evidence of experiment that no common sensation exists in this portion of the brain, which may be sliced away without the smallest evidence of pain being manifested during the operation. The results of disease and injury in man both seem to establish some of the same facts and to give further information also; and though many pathological phenomena are quite unaccounted for by our present knowledge of cerebral physiology, these are not such as to warrant us in concluding that such knowledge is worthless. This line of evidence then confirms the last fact stated, viz., that the hemispheres of the brain are themselves insensible to pain. In cases in which accident or disease has laid open the brain in man, it is found both that wounding the organ itself produces no pain, and further



that pressure upon it from above downwards abolishes for the time all sensibility and consciousness, which moreover are instantly restored on the removal of the pressure.

Other points which seem tolerably well proved are these — viz., that no acute or general disease of the cerebral lobes occurs without great disturbance of mental functions, nor indeed any disease which affects a considerable portion of *both* hemispheres: that normal intelligence cannot subsist with a brain greatly undersized, or of obviously imperfect development; and that, on the other hand, animals, and even human infants, are capable of living and performing the functions of vegetative life, in which no vestige of either cerebrum or cerebellum is found to exist. On the other hand it must be admitted that very considerable disorganization of either hemisphere is often found without any previously observed intellectual defect at all commensurate with the amount of brain disease; that grave intellectual disturbance does exist in many cases in which no corresponding lesion of brain can be discovered; that no constant relation is yet made out between special lesion of the cerebral hemispheres and special mental defects; and finally, that the brain has a wonderful power of adapting itself to pathological changes, that is, that a small amount of disease or injury occurring suddenly, will produce vastly more functional disturbance than will a much larger amount if it be produced gradually and slowly. In reference to this last point it is worthy of remark, that it is analogous to what takes place in other organs of the body, for instance, in the lungs. Thus it is well known, that the sudden cessation of function in a small portion of a lung will produce an amount of distress and suffering far greater, at the time, than is often suffered by a person who from chronic consumption has gradually lost the use of a very much larger portion of lung tissue. And so far as this is the case with the brain, it goes to disprove the opinion now very generally held, that different portions of the brain are localized, and as it were told off for the performance of different mental functions. Were this really the case, we should reasonably expect that, in the case of acute local disease in a portion of the brain substance, some particular mental function would at once be disturbed or lost, and the rest would hold on their course little if at all affected. In fact, however, exactly the reverse is found to be the case.

We come now to consider, in the next

place, what all the evidence, of which we have thus pointed out the main lines, can be taken as establishing, as to the difference of function between the sensory ganglia, so called, and the cerebrum, and as to the claims of either or both to be looked upon as the organ of the mind, and to be studied with the hope of learning more than we at present know of the *modus operandi* of the latter.

The best account with which we are acquainted of the nervous system of man, as a whole at once the most elaborately worked out and the most consistent with the facts, is to be found in the fifth edition of Dr. Carpenter's work on the "Principles of Human Physiology." His theory may be shortly stated as follows:—The nervous system in man consists of several distinct centres of nerve-force—viz., those above described—

1. The spinal cord, including the medulla oblongata.
2. The sensory ganglia.
3. The cerebellum.
4. The cerebral hemispheres, or brain properly so called.

Excluding now the cerebellum, with which we shall not be further concerned, each of these remaining three organs has a double function. It may act either as an independent and immediate centre of nerve force, or it may act in connection with the other nerve centres above or below it, or both above and below it. In the normal and healthy condition, the action of each centre is limited and controlled more or less by the others, and in man that of the inferior centres is so considerably under the control of the cerebrum, that it is only after a certain amount of strict examination of the subject that we are able to recognise the fact, that the lower centres still have, even in health, their own independent action, as well as that which is combined and subordinate. In diseased conditions this is often obvious enough. That it is so in the case of the spinal cord when separated from the brain we have already shown sufficiently, and here it is only necessary to remind the reader that the independent or reflex actions of the spinal cord, are purely, to use Dr. Carpenter's language, *excito-motor*—i.e., they are a mere response to external excitement, and quite independent of volition or sensation. In the normal state they may be observed in the case of the movements of respiration and swallowing, which go on continuously or intermittently without either consciousness or control of our own. In general, therefore, it may be said that all the actions

which are indispensable to the continued life of the organism from moment to moment, and independently of what may be needed to supply its wants or avoid dangers, belong to this class of action. It remains a matter of doubt how far other actions, as the movements of the limbs in walking, which require to be set going by means of a higher nerve-centre, do or do not become referrible to this class after they have become habitual or secondarily automatic. But there is another class of actions which appear to be equally independent of volition, but not by any means independent of sensation, and these form the sensori-motor actions, and are referred by Dr. Carpenter to the reflex action of the sensory ganglia. In man, at least in a healthy condition, these actions are few and comparatively unimportant, but in certain states of disease they become prominent phenomena, and even in health they may be easily observed. Such are, for instance, sneezing when the olfactory nerves are irritated, closing the eyelids when suddenly brought face to face with a bright light, and the action of vomiting produced by a nauseous odour.

These are all actions which take place in immediate response to a sensation, and over which the will has but a very limited control. Another instance which serves to show the power with which this kind of nerve force can, in certain cases, be manifested, is seen in the fact that whereas the movements of respiration belong to that class of spinal reflex-actions over which volition has scarcely any power, yet they can be interfered with to a very great extent through the medium of sensation in certain conditions. Thus, if a man has an attack of acute pleurisy, or a wound in one side of his chest, so that the slightest movement gives rise to severe pain, it is found that his respiratory movements are almost entirely confined to the sound side, while during health the utmost efforts of the will fail to disturb the balance which naturally subsists between the two sides. This same class of actions also shows well the dependence of one nerve centre upon the healthy condition of another for the due performance of its own functions. For though all the actions which we have named in this class are originated in the sensory ganglia, yet the muscles by which these are performed have to be set in motion through the agency of the spinal cord and medulla oblongata, and thus depend upon the integrity of these centres of force for their due performance.

We now come to consider the function of

the cerebrum, or brain proper, viz., emotion, volition, and thought. The evidence upon which such functions are assigned to these special nerve centres, consists mainly of those considerations already brought forward, by which they are localized in the encephalon, together with the fact that nearly all its other functions have been already traced up to their appropriate centres; and the anatomical considerations which show us on the one hand that the cerebral lobes are parts superadded to the organism for some ulterior purpose not essential to its existence, and on the other hand, that, speaking generally and roughly, we may trace their gradually higher development *pari passu* with the general rise of the animal in the scale of creation. There remain, however, some few other points to be noticed, which will bring out a peculiar relationship between these bodies and the sensory ganglia; whence it will appear that the latter are, in all probability, not only the necessary instruments of sensation and the starting point of all voluntary motion, but also the true sensorium, the portion of nerve matter that is, by and in which the mind takes cognizance of sensation, in short the seat of consciousness. It will appear also that the cerebrum, like other nerve centres, has a reflex action of its own. The first of these two conclusions is rendered probable by consideration of the anatomical and developmental relations subsisting between the sensory ganglia and the grey matter of the cerebral lobes on the one hand, and some of the organs of special sense on the other. Thus, for instance, the retina or nervous expansion behind the eye, on which the image is thrown in vision, consists, in part, of a layer of vesicular nerve matter, in all respects resembling that found in the convolutions of the brain. This grey matter of the retina is brought into relation with the sensory ganglia by means of nerve fibres, that is to say, the optic nerves; and, as we have seen, it is proved almost to demonstration that it is in the sensory ganglia that we become conscious of vision, though the retina affords the machinery by means of which it becomes possible. Now the anatomical relation of the grey matter of the cerebral convolutions to the sensory ganglia is very similar to that of the retina to the same nerve centres, the cords of connexion between the two being in this case the large number of radiating white fibres which spread out from the surfaces of the ganglia, and form the internal portions of the hemispheres of the brain; and the slight presumption thus raised of a similarity in their

functional relations also, is indefinitely strengthened by the fact that, in the early stages of development, the grey matter of the brain proper originates as an offset from one portion of the sensory ganglia (viz., the corpora striata), just as the retina does from another (viz., the thalami optici). On the whole evidence we may, therefore, fairly assert that it is at least highly probable that these ganglia do form the portion of nerve substance in which consciousness takes place; and if this be admitted, there is of course no reason to assign consciousness also to the cerebral lobes themselves, inasmuch as these are in immediate connexion with the sensory ganglia by means of the radiating fibres just mentioned, and inasmuch too as since no nerves are given off or received directly by the cerebral lobes, it is only through the intervention of the sensory ganglia that they can be brought into relation with the external world at all. Thus, if we admit that the cerebrum proper is the organ of the mind, the maxim "*nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*" is true no less physically than psychologically. As to the *modus operandi* of the cerebral lobes in the performance of intellectual operations we know positively nothing, but this is also the precise amount of our knowledge concerning the *modus operandi* of the simplest reflex action which goes on in the nervous system of an ascidian mollusc. In the latter we know the fact that, given a certain arrangement of nerve matter, an external irritation applied to the peripheral end of an afferent nerve will produce certain movements in the body of the animal, and that this effect is produced by the intervention of the vesicular matter of the ganglion and the efferent nerve, but of what kind the change may be which is thus produced, and is thus able to give rise to other changes, or of what nature those other changes may be, we are absolutely ignorant.

That this last and highest of all the nerve centres resembles the other in possessing an independent automatic action of its own, is rendered probable by the following, among other considerations which are urged by Dr. Carpenter, who has brought this portion of nervous physiology into deserved prominence. It is difficult, except upon some hypothesis of this kind, to account for such cases as those, for instance, of Coleridge or Mozart, men whose power of determination and application was the feeblest conceivable, and who produced many of their best works almost unconsciously to themselves. Again, there are

instances within the personal experience of almost every one in which a name or a circumstance, which no effort will enable us to remember, suddenly recurs to the memory, after the attention has been wholly withdrawn from it, and devoted to some different subject. Most of us too have often experienced and been struck by the fact that an intellectual difficulty, which has perhaps baffled us during a whole morning's work, is sometimes found to have disappeared, as if by magic, when we next sit down to the particular work in which it arose; an argument which we had failed to follow will become plain, the relations between a set of phenomena will become clear, and we are inclined to wonder how we could possibly have failed to see before what appears so obvious to us now. All these phenomena Dr. Carpenter explains by the hypothesis that the cerebral lobes carry on intellectual processes just as automatically as the medulla oblongata carries on the respiratory movements, and that, since consciousness resides not in the cerebrum but in the sensory ganglia, we are not aware of the facts until we again, voluntarily or by suggestion from without, direct our attention once more consciously to the same subject.

The above is but the merest sketch of the arrangement of the nervous system, and of a few of the chief facts known in regard to its physiology. Any reader who may wish for fuller information on the subject, will find the best account of it on the whole with which we are acquainted, in the work of Dr. Carpenter, already referred to. Whoever does so, will find that a vast number of other facts exists for which we cannot here find space, but which tend to support the views already stated. He will certainly also find other facts which do not so easily come into the theory; but on the whole, perhaps his chief conviction will be that so many more facts remain still unknown that at present all theory is premature, except so far as it is necessary as a hypothesis, by means of which new courses of investigation may be tried and fresh discoveries made. Very little can be learned on any subject which has advanced beyond quite its early stages without the help of some hypothesis to point out the direction in which the investigation is to work; and the true difference between the legitimate inductive enquirer and the mere theorist is to be found in the fact that whilst the latter bends his facts into accordance with his theory, the former is ready to

modify his hypothesis, or to abandon it if need be, as soon as it proves irreconcilable with well attested facts.

If now we endeavour to appraise the value of the facts and inferences which we have enumerated, we must first note that in this as in other cases nature makes no abrupt transitions, but advances in all cases *paulatim et gradatim*, by almost imperceptible degrees, so that you cannot at any moment put your finger on a particular spot and say, "Here one class of structure ends and here another begins." Just as there is, as we have seen, every degree of complexity in the arrangement of the nervous system, from the ascidian up to man, but the same essential elements appear to be in operation throughout, only becoming more and more complex in their arrangements, and more and more dependent upon one another, for the conditions necessary for the perfect performance of their several functions; so we find in regard to the functions themselves, that there is one essential character throughout them all. In every case there is first of all stimulus conveyed to a nerve centre, and reaction set up in that centre and reflected out from it, and producing its various effects, some obvious to the senses, some very far to seek. Here, as in the case of structure, there is no one point at which we are enabled to say, here physiological action ends and here psychological begins. The nerve-cells of our cerebral hemispheres are as completely dependent for that excitation of force which constitutes intellectual action upon the stimuli conveyed to them through the sensory ganglia from the organs of sense, as are those of our spinal cords upon the stimuli conveyed to them either from the superior nerve centres or from the peripheral irritation of an afferent nerve. Such, that is to say, is the normal condition of such cells, though both equally may be roused into activity by any stimulus directly applied to themselves, as indeed they constantly are in disease by altered conditions of the blood or the presence in it of alcohol or other poisonous matter.

Now it appears to us that a review such as this which we have taken of the structure and functions of the nervous system, hasty and imperfect though it be, does go far to justify the opinion expressed at the beginning of this essay, that it is from the side of the body that we have lately increased our knowledge in regard to the action of the mind; and further, that it is still in the same direction that we have most reason to hope for its further increase at the

present time. Nevertheless, it is hardly needful to say, all that we have so far learned does not put us into a position to make any assertion whatever as to the intimate or essential nature of mind. Nay, more, it does not even bring us face to face with the question, which is for us, at least at present, a perfectly idle one. There is a not unnatural temptation at the present day to overrate the advances which science has made in certain directions, and in this instance to believe that because physiology has made marvellous progress during the last hundred years, therefore it has everything within its grasp. Writers who compare in a jubilant tone the progress of physiology with the stationary character of psychology, are bound to remember that if it be true that while the latter has not moved a step since the days of Berkeley and Hume, the former has been steadily advancing since those of Bichat, it is no less true that before that time physiology was in a truly abject condition, and even philosophers could talk of the pineal gland as the seat of the soul. As we make real progress in this as in other branches of knowledge, we gain a clearer view of that which remains to be done, not only before our knowledge becomes complete, but before it becomes consistent and continuous. In its actual condition, our knowledge of nervous physiology may be compared to a bird's-eye view of an intricate line of road winding through a wooded and mountainous country. Here and there we can trace it for a considerable distance clearly and distinctly, then it becomes partially buried in woods, and we can but doubtfully make out the direction in which it tends, then it is lost utterly behind a mass of intervening rocks, and when it emerges once more into full view, we can only make a doubtful guess at the course which it has traversed in the interval; and finally, as it winds its way onward, it becomes lost in the mist and the distance, and we can only conjecture its ultimate destination from what appears to be the general direction of those parts of its course which we have been able to observe with some accuracy. While then on the one hand we are in no condition to dogmatize concerning the condition and the engineering of the road, on the other hand there can be no good reason why we should undervalue the knowledge which we have gained, or think it no greater than what we had before we had climbed the hill from which we look down.

It is worth while in this place to point out some few of the subjects which require il-

illustration at the present moment in relation to our knowledge of the physiology of the nervous system.

1. Of the actual functions of the various nerve centres enumerated above, those on of the spinal cord and medulla oblongata, perhaps also of the corpora quadrigemina and the olfactory bulbs, can be said to be beyond dispute. Those of the other sensory ganglia and the cerebrum itself may be looked upon as *probably* determined in a general way. While those of the cerebellum are confessedly still sub judice, and those of certain smaller masses of matter within the encephalon are almost entirely obscure.

2. The course of the fibres forming the cords of communication between the various nerve centres is far from being accurately determined.

3. The peripheral termination of the nerve fibres, whether in the skin, muscles, mucous membranes, or viscera, still presents many difficulties.

4. The function of the sympathetic system of nerves is still in a great degree unknown, as well as its exact relations to the cranio-spinal system.

5. The intimate structure of the nerve centres, and their mode of connection with the nerves, is not yet made out, although it is now engaging the attention of many careful observers in England, France, and Germany, among whom none have done more signal service than our distinguished countrymen Professor Beale and Mr. Lockhart Clarke.

6. Finally, of the normal mode of action of the ganglionic nerve cell, and of its mode of nutrition, nothing positive can be said to be known. Two widely-diverging theories are held. One, the mechanical theory, which looks upon nerve matter merely as a peculiar arrangement of material through which when force is manifested it takes the form which we are accustomed to call vital force, because it is associated in our experience with the actions of living organisms; the other the directly vital theory of Dr. Beale, which looks upon nerve force as a form of vital force, and upon vital force in general as something *sui generis*, only manifested in living organisms, and in them only in that germinal matter which he regards as forming the truly living portion of each tissue; the portion, that is, which forms the central part of each living unit (cell) and which alone has the power of assimilating nutrient matter to itself. Thus, according to Dr. Beale, all organized tissue consists essentially of two parts only, viz. germinal

matter and formed material, of which the former only is truly living, the latter being that which has formerly lived but is now merely inert. Upon this theory it will be seen that all the formed material which makes up the exterior portion of every cell in each living tissue, has been germinal matter before it became formed material, and that it takes on the qualities of each special tissue in consequence of the special endowments of the germinal matter in each case. Each of these two theories finds its defenders; it is needless to say that the former is at the present time the more popular. The chief objection to it seems to lie in the facts connected with the continuance of living beings on the earth. The fact that, so far as we know, no other source of living matter exists than previous living matter possessing the same powers and qualities, is certainly difficult to explain upon the hypothesis that life is but force acting through a given arrangement of material particles. Such an hypothesis does but put the difficulty one step further back, and we have to ask how it is that these particular arrangements of matter are able to reproduce themselves, and are not produced as far as we yet know by any other combination of matter or any other application of force which nature or art has ever yet brought about. The objections to the other or vital theory are at least as striking, and they are of a character especially attractive to the present generation of scientific men. To admit that theory, takes vital phenomena as it were out of the regular order of nature. It places them apart by themselves in a position which deprives us of all clue by which to discover their real nature, or, to use language more consonant with generally received views, to correlate them with other facts. It seems to violate the whole analogy of the universe, and especially to conflict with those facts which we have referred to in the earlier part of this paper, viz. the constant affection of vital processes by inorganic agents, and the evident share which chemical and physical agencies take in the economy even of the highest animals. It is only fair, however, to observe that in the eyes of those who uphold the vital theory, the fact that it places the whole organic world in a different category from the rest of the universe, is no objection at all; it forms, on the contrary, an essential part of the theory itself. It is those only who are more or less impressed, as so many are now, with the unity of nature as a whole, and the utter impossibility of finding sharp definite lines between her different provinces, to whom this



fact presents itself as an insuperable difficulty.

We turn now to Dr. Maudsley's book to see how far his view of the physiology of mind agrees with the statements which we have made above. Although he goes less into the anatomy and more into the psychology of the subject than we have done, it will be found that his physiology of the nervous system agrees generally with that here given; but that, as we shall presently see, he carries his inferences in some cases further than appears to us to be entirely borne out by the facts. On the subject, however, of the portion of the encephalon in which consciousness takes place, Dr. Maudsley's language is not very explicit, and yet, judging from the freedom with which he generally draws his inferences from only partially ascertained facts, we can hardly put this indefiniteness of statement to the account of over cautiousness on his part. Thus while in his chapter on the sensory ganglia he constantly speaks of them collectively as the sensorium commune, and uses language throughout which leads the reader to suppose that he holds Dr. Carpenter's view given above, yet, at p. 118, when speaking of the relation of consciousness to ideational activity, we find him saying:

"The persistence for a time of a certain degree of intensity of energy in the ideational cell, would certainly appear to be the condition of consciousness. Accordingly, when the process of reflection is going on quietly and rapidly through the regular association of ideas, there is no consciousness of the steps; in the train of thought one idea calls another into activity without being itself attended to, so that the result may appear as if sudden and accidental, and it may be very difficult or quite impossible to retrace the steps or take up the successive links by which it was evolved. In the course of a day how many thoughts or ideas do thus start into consciousness, or, as we may say, suddenly strike us! The activity of one ideational cell would seem to be communicated immediately to another, and the energy thus to run through a series by a continuous transformation with no residual persistence at any of the intermediate stages."

This language, as we understand it, would seem to imply Dr. Maudsley's belief that the "ideational cell," and therefore the cerebral hemispheres, are the seat of consciousness, an opinion which involves the further consequence that either there must be two organs of consciousness, viz. the sensorium and the cerebral hemispheres, or that sensation and the consciousness of sensation, are two separate phenomena.

The leading idea of the last four chapters of Dr. Maudsley's book, those viz. on emotion, volition, the motorium commune, and memory and imagination, is that of what he calls the organization of residua. This may be thus stated. The faculties of the nerve centres, as they exist in a grown man, are not innate, but are the result of actual changes produced in the nerve cells themselves, and these appear to be effected somewhat as follows. When any stimulus is propagated along a nerve to the spinal cord, the whole force of it may be transmitted upwards to the higher nerve centres, or the whole of it may be reflected outwards in reflex-action, or finally a part of it may be retained, and may serve to modify the cells of the spinal cord itself, in such a manner as to render them more fitted for the production of the action required in response to that particular stimulus. This modification of the nerve cells is called in by Dr. Maudsley to account for the acquisition by the nerve centre of the power of doing with greater ease after repetition actions which in the first instance were done with difficulty. He extends the notion to all the nerve centres upwards from the spinal cord, applies it to stimuli proceeding from higher nerve centres as well as to those propagated along the afferent nerves, and employs it to account for the progressive power of combining movements, to the gradual development of sensation, to the phenomena of volition and of association of ideas, of motion, and of memory. In speaking of the association of ideas he uses the following language:

"The anatomical connexions of a nerve-cell in the cerebral ganglia do, of a necessity, limit the direction and extent of its action upon other cells; for it may be deemed tolerably certain that as the conduction in nerve-fibres demonstrably does not pass from one to another except by continuity of tissue, so the activity of one cell cannot be communicated to another except along an anastomosing process. Besides this necessary limitation in the constitution of the nervous centres, there is a further determination of the manner of association by the individual life experience."—(p. 121.)

Now it appears to us, that in this passage, and in many others equally explicit, Dr. Maudsley has exceeded the bounds of legitimate inference. We have, as we have seen, every reason to believe that certain functions are localized in certain ganglia, and that the intellectual faculties in particular have their seat in the cerebral hemi-



spheres. We may also conclude very fairly that every mental act, as well as every muscular contraction, and every act of secretion or digestion, involves the destruction and necessitates the repair of a certain amount of tissue. This, indeed, is scarcely more than a legitimate deduction from the simple fact, that a given amount of food is required daily in order to keep the body up to its normal weight, and is rendered practically certain by the consideration of the mental phenomena produced by an insufficient supply of arterial blood to the brain, &c. But we undoubtedly have not knowledge enough of the processes by which this tissue change is effected, or of the nature of the change itself, to justify us in affirming that it is such as to change the anatomical relations of the nerve-cells. That it really does so seems not improbable with our present amount of information on the subject; but we are as yet so far from being able to prove it, that such statements are of very little value, and should be put forward avowedly as speculations only.

These four chapters, then, may be described as containing an epitome of psychology grafted upon the doctrine of residua, and the general character of that psychology may be given in Dr. Maudsley's own words, thus:—

"What we call the ego is in reality an abstraction, in which are contained the residua of all former thoughts, feelings, volitions—a combination which is continually becoming more and more complex."—(p. 159.)

And again—

"The history of a man is the true revelation of his character: what he has done indicates what he has willed; what he has willed marks what he has thought and felt, or the character of his deliberations; what he has thought and felt, has been the result of his nature then existing as the developmental product of a certain original constitution, and a definite life experience."—(p. 159.)

The whole character of the man then as we find him may be said to have been built up by the following processes. He comes into the world as an infant, with a nervous system in a comparatively undeveloped state. This nervous system as it exists in infancy is the result of the combination of the two original constitutions of its parents, plus the effects of their life-experience upon them; life-experience meaning the modifications effected in the original constitution by the whole circumstances of the whole existence

of the individual. And having come into the world thus constituted, the man's character is modified again by circumstances as he also grows from infancy to manhood, and the final result is the sum of the effects which these modifications are capable of producing on his original constitution. That a conclusion such as this is that to which the present state of physiology seems not indistinctly to point, we think can hardly be denied. The facts which meet any thoughtful person in daily life all tend in some such direction, or at least are not irreconcilable with it. Talk as we will and think as we will of the freedom of the will, of moral sense and of moral responsibility, we cannot deny the obvious influence of purely physical agents (to use the current phraseology) upon purely mental phenomena; we cannot pretend that we have any experience of mind or mental action independently of matter; we cannot ignore the modifying effects of different courses of life upon the elements which go to make up character; we cannot draw a line between what we may please to call merely nervous phenomena and mental action; above all, we cannot escape from the great over-hanging cloud of hereditary influences, the fact that moral and intellectual traits follow down a race from father to son, or reappear in more remote descendants, exactly as do peculiarities of feature or diseased states of bodily constitution, such as scrofula and gout. But it is one thing to admit that the facts of which we are in possession point towards certain conclusions, and another to look upon them as ready to be marshalled into a system which assumes those conclusions to be true; and, while we think that Dr. Maudsley has done good service by bringing out the psychological side of physiology, and drawing attention to the fact that the study of mind can, in these days, make but little progress except by the help of that science, we cannot but think also that he has allowed himself to be led somewhat beyond the safe ground of fact by his desire to systematize results which are not yet ripe for the purpose. The true relation of physiology to psychology at the present time, we take to be very much the same as that of the same science to medicine. Every year that we live we see men becoming more and more convinced that a scientific system of medicine must be based upon physiology, but still there remains between the two a great gulf fixed, and assuredly he would be not only an inefficient but a most unsafe practitioner of medicine who should discard all empiricism, all the results of earlier experience, how-

ever unscientific, and claim to base his treatment of diseases upon physiological science alone. So too, while we are entirely convinced that scientific psychology must ultimately rest upon a physiological basis, we conceive that such a science cannot at present be constructed. To this extent we are content to adopt the words of a distinguished writer, with whom in some other points we are unable to agree:—"It may very well be, that he who wishes to know all that can be known about the mind and its operations, should study physiology; but it still remains true that physiology is one thing and mental philosophy another."\* There are, and there will probably continue to be, two totally different views which it is possible to hold of this subject. One, which we have suggested above, which looks upon mental phenomena as the final achievement of organization—the roof and crown of all vital manifestations, the ultimate term, as it were, of organic evolution, which looks down the whole range of living beings, and sees that as there is no break in the chain between an ascidian and a human being, neither is there between the simple action of the ascidian's simple ganglion and the most elaborate intellectual process of the human being's brain, and concludes that the latter is but an immeasurably higher development of the same forces which produced the former. The other takes a different standpoint,—asserts that the man—that is, the ego—is something different from his intellect, from his emotions, and his passions, no less than from his muscles or his bones, and calls consciousness as witness to the truth of the assertion. Certainly it is impossible with our present knowledge to establish the truth of either beyond the possibility of cavil. Each man is at liberty to choose for himself. Only it must be remembered that the difference between the two is this, that while the first is at least in harmony with a vast range of facts, and accords with those many suggestions which they throw out to the effect that all the variety of nature is but the stages in one uniform process of evolution; the other is supported by no fact whatever *which is capable of being demonstrated to a second mind*,—those upon which it does rest are facts of consciousness, that is, facts of each man's individual consciousness. Yet consciousness is a strong witness, and one which a man can always call to his aid—if he chooses—in the last resort. A third course is perhaps still possi-

ble, viz., to reject both these opinions as insufficiently supported by facts, and to content one's self with studying facts themselves and drawing such inferences only as they will absolutely sustain, leaving the final generalization to an undefined and illimitable future. Which of all these is the best course to pursue we do not care to take upon us to decide.

### THE MEETING.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE elders shook their hands at last,  
Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
To simple ways like ours unused,  
Half solemnized and half amused,  
With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest  
His sense of glad relief expressed.  
Outside the hills lay warm in sun;  
The cattle in the meadow-run  
Stood half-leg deep; a single bird  
The green repose above us stirred.  
"What part or lot have you," he said,  
"In these dull rights of drowsy-head?  
Is silence worship?—Seek it where  
It soothes with dreams the summer air,  
Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
And all the slow, sleep-waking hours  
Glide soundless over grass and flowers!  
From time and place and form apart,  
Its holy ground the human heart,  
Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
Walks the free spirit of the Lord!  
Our common Master did not pen  
His followers up from other men;  
His service liberty indeed,  
He built no church, he framed no creed;  
But while the saintly Pharisee  
Made broader his phylactery,  
As from the synagogue was seen  
The dusty-sandalled Nazarene  
Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
His sermons were the healthful talk  
That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
Where mingled with His gracious words  
The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said;  
"Unmeasured and unlimited,  
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
The mystic Church of God has grown.  
Invisible and silent stands  
The temple never made with hands,  
Unheard the voices still and small  
Of its unseen confessional.  
He needs no special place of prayer  
Whose hearing ear is everywhere;

\* "Inaugural Lecture," by H. W. Chandler, M.A.,  
Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical  
Philosophy, p. 53. Rivingtons: 1867.

He brings not back the childish days  
That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
Still less He owns the selfish good  
And sickly growth of solitude, —  
The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
Flowers in the desert anchorite;  
Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
Love hath no power to save a soul.  
Not out of Self, the origin  
And native air and soil of sin,  
The living waters spring and flow,  
The trees with leaves of healing grow.

Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
This quiet shelter twice a week,  
I better deem its pine-laid floor  
Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;  
But here, in its accustomed place,  
I look on memory's dearest face;  
The blind by-sitter guessteth not  
What shadow haunts that vacant spot;  
No eye save mine alone can see  
The love wherewith it welcomes me!  
And still, with those alone my kin,  
In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
I bow my head, my heart I bare  
As when that face was living there,  
And strive (too oft, alas! in vain)  
The rest of simple trust to gain;  
Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
The idols of my heart away.

Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —  
Such golden words as hers for whom  
Our autumn flowers have just made room;  
Whose hopeful utterance through and through  
The freshness of the morning blew;  
Who loved not less the earth that light  
Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
But saw in all fair forms more fair  
The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
Whose eighty years but added grace  
And saintlier meaning to her face, —  
The look of one who bore away  
Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
While all our hearts went forth to meet  
The coming of her beautiful feet!  
I ask no organ's soulless breath  
To drone the themes of life and death,  
No altar candle-lit by day,  
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,  
No cool philosopher to teach  
His bland audacities of speech  
To double-tasked idolaters  
Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
No pulpit beat by ruthless fist  
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
Who borrows for the hand of love  
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
I know how well the fathers taught,  
What work the later schoolmen wrought;  
I reverence old-time faith and men,  
But God is near us now as then;

His force of love is still unspent,  
His hate of sin as imminent;  
And still the measure of our needs  
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds;  
The manna gathered yesterday  
Already savors of decay;  
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown  
Question us now from star and stone;  
Too little or too much we know  
And sight is swift and faith is slow;  
The power is lost to self-deceive  
With shallow forms of make-believe.  
We walk at high noon, and the bells  
Call to a thousand oracles,  
But the sound deafens, and the light  
Is stronger than our dazzled sight;  
The letters of the sacred Book  
Glimmer and swim beneath our look;  
Still struggles in the Age's breast  
With deepening agony of quest  
The old entreaty: 'Art thou He,  
Or look we for the Christ to be?'

God should be most where man is least;  
So, where is neither church nor priest,  
And never rag of form or creed  
To clothe the nakedness of need, —  
Where farmer-folk in silence meet, —  
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet;  
I lay the critic's glass aside,  
I tread upon my lettered pride,  
And, lowest-seated, testify  
To the oneness of humanity;  
Confess the universal want,  
And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
He findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
Not on one favored forehead fell  
Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost;  
Heart answers heart; in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire;  
'Where, in my name, meet two or three,'  
Our Lord hath said, 'I there will be!'

So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer: —  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true life its own renew.

So, to the calmly-gathered thought  
 The innermost of truth is taught;  
 The mystery understood,  
 That love of God is love of good;  
 That to be saved is only this, —  
 Salvation from our selfishness;  
 That Book and Church and Day are given  
 For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven, —  
 The blessed means to holiest ends,  
 Not masters, but benignant friends;  
 That the dear Christ dwells not afar  
 The king of some remoter star,  
 Listening, at times, with flattered ear  
 To homage wrung from selfish fear,  
 But here, amidst the poor and blind,  
 The bound and suffering of our kind,  
 In works we do, in prayers we pray,  
 Life of our life, he lives to-day.”  
 — *Atlantic Monthly*.

From Saint Paul's.

#### ALPINE CLIMBING.

SOME future philosopher may turn aside from more important topics to notice the rise and development of the passion for mountain-climbing. He may pick up, in that humble field of inquiry, illustrations of some principles of wider application. The growth of the passion is accompanied, for example, if it is not caused, by the growth of the modern appreciation of mountain scenery; and few things would be more interesting, in proper time and place, than to investigate the real meaning of that curious phenomenon. Meanwhile we will endeavour to point out another, and a humbler, lesson, upon which our imaginary philosopher may, if he pleases, insist. The history of mountaineering is, to a great extent, the history of the process by which men have gradually conquered the phantoms of their own imagination. We read in our school-days of certain rash barbarians who entered the majestic presence of the senators of Rome. For a long time they were awe-struck by the reverend air and the long white beards of the old men, and remained quiescent, as though petrified by a supernatural terror. At length an accident revealed that the senators were mortal like themselves, the superstitious fears vanished, and the barbarians proceeded, according to their pleasant custom, to massacre the objects of their late reverence. — Which things are an allegory. There is many a venerable political institution that has imposed upon the imaginations of mankind, until some bold man ventured, as Mr. Carlyle says, to take it by the beard,

and say, What art thou? Whereupon it has suddenly collapsed. We will not, on the present occasion, pursue our argument into such lofty regions. It will be quite enough to illustrate the doctrine by the particular case of mountaineering exploits, and to leave our readers to invent such applications as they please. If we were writing a complete record we should have to show, in relating the development of mountaineering, how at first men stood appalled at the savage terrors of the Alps; how gradually they came nearer, and found that the mountains were haunted by no terrible phantoms; and how, when the bolder boys had ventured into the haunted house and come back unscathed, there followed a general rush, into its furthest recesses, of a crowd of followers — perhaps gifted with equal courage, but certainly with less to try it. And we should further have to explain that, though the fanciful terrors had proved groundless, there were still some very real dangers to be encountered. At present we must be content with a few remarks upon the most prominent events in the annals of climbing.

For centuries, as we need hardly say, the human mind was in a state of utter darkness as to the merits of mountaineering. Doubtless a few chamois-hunters and goat-herds wandered over the slopes of the hills, and found therein a mysterious pleasure, of which they could give no clear account to themselves or to others. If we turn over the pages of any of the early works which treat of the Alps, we find in them a few scattered notices derived from such peasants and hunters who had evidently a fine natural turn for enlarging upon the wonders of their country to the few who would listen to their tales. It is enough to mention a distinguished traveller at the beginning of the last century,\* named Scheuchzer, whose state of mind may be inferred from a single statement. He labours to prove that such things as dragons really exist, and the principal ground of his argument is the strong *a priori* probability that, in so savage a country as the Central Alps, there must be dragons. Considering that Scheuchzer lived at Zurich, within sight of some lofty peaks, he must have had a strange terror of a region, at his very door, so savage, in his opinion, that it could not but produce dragons — dragons being the natural product of its own intrinsic ferocity. Soon after Scheuchzer's travels, the Alpine mania seems to have begun. Pocock and Wyndham discovered Chamouni; and it became the fashion, as Gibbon tells us, towards the end of the cen-

tury, "to view the glaciers." The great start, however, is due to Saussure, whom all true mountaineers revere as the founder of their craft. The year 1786, in which the summit of Mont Blanc was for the first time reached by his guide Balmat, should be the year one in their calendar; and if it were marked by saints' days, the festivals of Saussure and Balmat would be the chief solemnities of the year. Although Balmat and Saussure thus climbed the highest European mountain, the imaginative prestige of the Alps was still enormous. Balmat must have been a first-rate mountaineer, and possessed of unusual strength and toughness of constitution. Saussure himself performed at least one feat which has scarcely been equalled in its way, when he lived for ten days on the top of the Col du Géant, appearing as a magician to the inhabitants of the valley below. Yet the mode in which Saussure and Balmat set about the ascent of Mont Blanc is to the system of modern travellers what the old warfare, with its marchings and countermarchings, and going into winter quarters, was to the audacious tactics of Napoleon. As an old-fashioned general thought he had made a good campaign when he had advanced a few miles and taken a fortress or two in the course of the summer, so Saussure attacked Mont Blanc in due form, with gradual approaches and operations, extending over years. He threw out reconnoissances, established lodgments in the flanks of the mountain, and at last moved to the assault with an army of eighteen guides, spending three days in reaching the summit, and returning to Chamouni on the fourth. One assault was repulsed by "the reverberation of the sun from the snow;" after that a party of men having passed all the real difficulties, shrank back from the last and really easy bit of ascent; and it was not till a quarter of a century after Saussure had offered a reward for the discovery of a path to the summit, that the first ascent was actually made. Everything shows, as we have said, that the mountaineers of those days were as good on their legs, as sound in their lungs, and fully as courageous as their modern successors; but they could not overcome their instinctive dread in the presence of the Monarch of Mountains.

Saussure opened what may be called the scientific era of mountain ascents, which lasted sixty or seventy years. During that time, that is, till about 1850, there were indeed many ascents made without any pretence of scientific motives, and probably many with nothing but the pretence. The great mountains of the Bernese Oberland,

the Jungfrau, and the Finster-Aarhorn, were climbed, and many ascents were made of Mont Blanc, chiefly, as we may venture to say, "for the fun of the thing." The leaders in discoveries were, however, still the men of science. Towards the end of the period, especially, Professors Agassiz, Desor, and other distinguished Swiss mountaineers, and our countryman, Professor Forbes, did a great deal to open up the districts of eternal snow for less eminent travellers, whilst their principal motive was to investigate the theory of glaciers. During all that time, however, mountain ascents were becoming popular for their own sakes. The view which was generally taken of the amusement may be measured by the respect still felt for Mont Blanc. The hold which that noble summit retained upon the imagination is a kind of barometer of the height reached by the mountaineering art. It was still the fashion to attack him after the mode commemorated by Albert Smith. Each traveller had four guides and four porters; the guides went to mass and took leave of their relatives before the start; guns were fired at critical moments; the whole tourist population turned out to watch the ascent; and a dinner was solemnly eaten and toasts duly drunk after the adventurers had returned to the bosom of their families. To have been up Mont Blanc was a sufficient excuse for publishing a book, and the curious in such matters may study sundry small publications of this kind. They are generally thin pamphlets with fearful illustrations. The party is represented at breakfast on a large block of ice, which is balanced in doubtful equilibrium across a yawning chasm which presumably descends for hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth; or a bending ladder supports the whole party across a tremendous gulf, into which a single false step — we need not finish the quotation. In Albert Smith's lectures, the speaker abandoned his jokes and puns, and became terribly serious as he described the horrors of the final climb, that being a matter much too serious for even a professional wit to touch without, as the reporters say, being "visibly affected." The modern tourist rather apologises for having any feelings at all under similar circumstances, and pokes fun at his readers at the most thrilling passages of his narrative.

But now a new era was approaching. The task of analysing all the causes by which it was produced must be left to the unfortunate being for whom so many endless puzzles are proposed, — the philosophical historian. The sect of muscular Chris-



tians was arising; it had not yet developed a dogmatic theory, nor appeared in the pulpit or in novels with a purpose; but its future heroes were beginning to stir themselves, and to leaven the world imperceptibly with some portion of their spirit. Their energy in the mountain districts was perceptible in introducing what we may call the transitional era between the ancient and modern forms of the art. Two or three publications revealed their existence to the outer world. Of these we may specially mention two interesting volumes which both appeared in 1856. One was the "Wanderings in the High Alps," by Mr. Wills, and the title of the other was "Where there's a Will there's a Way; or, An Ascent of Mont Blanc without Guides," by Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy. These two books revealed to their readers the existence of a new sport, whose devotees exhibited an enthusiasm unaccountable to ordinary mortals. Some hints had already been given by Professor Forbes, whose travels in the Pennine Alps had appeared as early as 1843; but although the true mountaineering spirit is very evident in his descriptions, it was overlaid by scientific disquisitions from which the mountaineering enthusiasm only crops out at intervals. Mr. Wills, however, and still more unmistakably Mr. Hudson and Mr. Kennedy, were open preachers of the new creed. Mr. Wills, whilst giving many admirable descriptions of adventure, might perhaps leave it to be imagined by the careless reader that a love of scenery and a love of science were the principal motives which would justify mountaineering, and that no one ought to climb without a sketch-book or a barometer. His rivals put the matter in a clearer light by their book, and still more by the adventures that it recorded. They had shown that the ambition of getting up hills, the excitement of encountering danger in the Alps, and the interest of skilfully surmounting difficulties, were a sufficient inducement in themselves. Incidentally, perhaps, they might open a path for scientific observers; more certainly they themselves enjoyed, and taught others to enjoy, the scenery of the remote mountain labyrinths; but they also made it distinctly understood, — for the first time quite distinctly understood, — that mountaineering, whatever its other merits, was a sport to be put beside rowing, cricket, and the other time-honoured sports of Englishmen. Both of the gentlemen named were well-known oarsmen on the Cam, and they carried the energetic spirit cultivated in boat-racing into a different kind

of athletic exercise. Whilst they were the esoteric prophets of the new creed, whose followers had not yet organised themselves into a distinct sect, Albert Smith was preaching to the populace. The more energetic devotees looked with a certain contempt upon a man who could not but confess that he had been dragged to the summit in a semi-conscious condition, and who professed his intention of never repeating his rash experiment. The impartial historian must admit that the singular success of his lectures did much to attract popular notice to a pursuit in which he was certainly not a practical performer.

Meanwhile the small band of true zealots had done much towards lowering the terrors of the high summits. They had thoroughly humbled the highest mountain in the Alps. It was their professed intention to break down the old Chamouni system. They endeavoured to prove that the elaborate apparatus of guides and porters was unnecessary, and that Mont Blanc was by no means deserving of the respectful awe with which he had hitherto been treated. To compare small things with great, they did in mountaineering what Xenophon did in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. He conclusively proved the weakness of the great Eastern monarchy, and prepared the way for his mighty successor, who was to look round and sigh for more worlds to conquer. Just so Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy proved that the mountain power was not what it had been thought to be; but the days were not yet come when the mountaineer should pause for want of a field for victory. These gentlemen and their party had gained their object, but only after long trouble and preparation. They had failed more than once; they had trained themselves by careful experience, and were perhaps as good a set of amateurs as ever attempted an ascent; yet they spent an amount of trouble in climbing one peak which would be sufficient, at the present day, to conquer half the mountains in Switzerland. In one respect, we cannot but remark, they set an example which has not often been followed. They made themselves independent of guides, and gave a much greater proof of skill than many men who have made far more difficult ascents by blindly following experienced natives. An amateur is never equal to a man who has passed his whole life in the mountains; but it would be well if more amateurs qualified themselves, without rashness, to rely upon their own powers in difficult places. On this, however, we shall presently have more to say.



And now new disciples began to gather round the first teachers of the creed. The whole Alps lay before them. In every district there were many summits defying all assault. The guide-books were sown thickly with descriptions of inaccessible peaks. Even in the Oberland, the most hackneyed of all districts, few of the loftier summits had been reached. The chain from the St. Bernard to the Simplon had scarcely been touched; and such regions as Dauphiné and the Engadine were all but unknown to the tourist genus. There seemed to be an inexhaustible field for enterprise. The zealots of whom we have spoken soon formed themselves into a distinct body; the Alpine Club was founded in 1857, and in 1867 the Alps had been exhausted. The word "inaccessible" had, with certain insignificant exceptions, been deprived of meaning. The first harvest gathered was described to the world in the volume called "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," published in 1859. The general public first became alive to the importance of the rising sect by the popularity of this volume. It made a decided hit; it was treated with good-humoured ridicule in the *Times*; and the Alpine Club speedily became a byword for a set of harmless lunatics. Like many other sects, they thrived upon chaff, and increased and flourished mightily. The volumes which they have since published, five in all, have indeed failed of the success which attended the first; but they contain an account of the complete conquest and annexation of the whole Alpine district. We cannot recommend their perusal to any one who does not take a special interest in the subject, for it must be admitted that next to accounts of horse-racing and cricket-matches, accounts of Alpine ascents are perhaps the dreariest variety of current literature. At first they had a certain interest even for persons who did not mean to risk their necks; but it is as difficult to secure much variety in narratives of this kind as for a young curate to preach a dozen different sermons on the same text. Certain catchwords about arêtes and snow-slopes and bergschrunds, and staple jokes about eating and drinking and smoking recur, till the average stomach is apt to be turned. The general result, however, of the narratives in question may, for our purpose, be easily indicated.

Mont Blanc, as we have seen, had been thoroughly put down. The monarch could no longer boast that he was inaccessible even to unaided amateurs. Little remained to do to complete his subjection, except to go up the wrong way, as people had already

been up the right. This duty was conscientiously discharged, but without attracting much attention. It has become as much a matter of course in fine weather to order guides for Mont Blanc as to take a cab for the city; and it is not clear that with ordinary prudence the ascent is much more dangerous than a pedestrian excursion across certain London thoroughfares. We must take another mountain to serve as a measure of the progress of mountaineering. The terrors of the Matterhorn had now become celebrated. The boldest mountaineers looked at its tremendous cliffs with awe, and felt that there at any rate was a task which would prove beyond their powers. It was the one fortress which promised to hold out after every less appalling summit had been reached. The wild range which extends from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn had the reputation of being the toughest part of the Alps. The Weisshorn and the Dent Blanche, — two of the noblest peaks in Switzerland, — were climbed by Professor Tyndall and Mr. T. S. Kennedy, but the Matterhorn still seemed so terrible that the boldest guides shrank from the assault. Every one knows the view of that astonishing obelisk as it appears from Zermatt or the Riffel. The extraordinary boldness of the outline produces a perfectly startling effect. One would say that the architecture was too daring for stability. Indeed, we have frequently heard it questioned whether it is not too daring for beauty. The audacity is carried to a point at which there is a suspicion of the grotesque. Some people are half inclined to class the Matterhorn amidst freaks of nature, to compare it with the rocking-stones, or the natural bridges at which ordinary tourists stare, rather than to put it beside such superbly graceful peaks as the Weisshorn or the Jungfrau. We do not agree with this rather hypercritical observation, for the Matterhorn impresses us as perhaps the most sublime object in the Alps; but it is undeniable that its pyramidal mass is carved into such amazing forms as to produce a perfectly unique effect.

Now, the point most to be remarked here is this, — that the effect described is principally due to certain delusions of perspective. It is true, of course, that the Matterhorn is flanked by some of the most terrific of Alpine cliffs. The face, however, which to an inexperienced eye seems almost vertical, is not really steep nor difficult of access. What is more singular is, that even an experienced eye is generally deceived by these appalling slopes. Mr. Ruskin has taken the Matterhorn as a text for expounding

amongst other things, the delusive influence of certain laws of perspective, and has, as it would seem, fallen into some rather curious mistakes himself; but he does not mention, so far as we are aware, the particular fact that the Hörnli arête, as it is called, — that which faces the spectator from Zermatt, — is really, tremendous as it appears, of moderate inclination. It was, indeed, generally thought by the guides that it would be possible to reach a considerable height by following this ridge. One of the most eminent of Swiss guides once stood with us at its foot, and we almost agreed to attempt the ascent of the mountain by following it. Unluckily, — or, it may be, luckily, — we resolved to inspect it from a different point of view, and we found the change of position more effectual than a similar change was found in Balaam's case. The mountain re-asserted its magical prestige, and the cliffs again looked so tremendous that we finally abandoned our intention. Yet the first successful attempt was made along this ridge; and up to a lofty point, where it was necessary to cross a different face of the mountain, it was made without any risk or difficulty.

The Matterhorn thus frightened off all assailants for years simply by putting on a resolute face. It looked so fierce that the boldest refused the attack. All the early attempts were made from the other side, and for a long time the same cause served to protect it even there, although at first sight there was more promise of success. For several years bold mountaineers with good guides made resolute attempts, and came back convinced that success, if not impossible, was at least highly improbable. Professor Tyndall, — one of the best amateur climbers as well as the leading scientific authority in the Alps, — reached by far the greatest height. With him was Bennen, one of the boldest of guides. They both looked at the final cliff, and declared it to be impracticable, though an Italian guide who was with them appears to have thought otherwise. At any rate, when Mr. Whymper came the next year to try a final assault upon the great peak, this Italian guide had engaged himself to one of his countrymen to make the attempt by Professor Tyndall's route. Mr. Whymper returned straight to Zermatt, attacked the mountain by the terrible Hörnli ridge, found his way to the top without serious difficulty, and was just in time to look down upon the Italians who were at the foot of the last climb. Since that time two routes have been found for surmounting this dreaded cliff on the Italian side. The as-

cent has been made three times this summer, and on one occasion a girl not twenty years old reached the point from which Professor Tyndall turned back in despair. Truly, the terrors of the Matterhorn have vanished, — at least on the southern side, — and with them the Alps may be said to have finally lost, — with one exception, — their imaginative prestige.

The terrible accident which occurred on the descent of Messrs. Hudson and Whymper's party has indeed added fresh terrors to the route by the Hörnli arête, and it will, perhaps, be long before that route is again taken; but it is more than doubtful whether, if it had not been for the accident, this would not have become a favourite ascent, and one which might, under ordinary circumstances, have been taken with safety. The impression is now so great that guides will not face the one dangerous passage, and they allege plenty of reasons to justify their caution. The rocks, they say, are rotten and full of ice, and in the afternoon would always give dangerous footing. The year 1865 was unusually favourable, because the mountain was almost bare of snow, and the accident was due to a different cause on that occasion; but in most years the passage would always, they say, be one of more than ordinary risk. We venture to doubt, in the face of this, whether the reasons have not been invented to justify the unwillingness to pass an ill-omened spot. This place, almost alone amongst the Alps, is, as it were, marked with a black stone, and defended by a superstitious feeling, which has expired in other places daily traversed, though of equal intrinsic danger; and if two or three successful ascents were made it would probably vanish here also, and the ascent of the Matterhorn from Zermatt become a regular and acknowledged part of the mountaineer's programme. Nevertheless, — in spite of our own reasoning, — we do not advise any one to encounter perils which are not the less real because they act chiefly upon the imagination of the guides. At best, the Matterhorn should not be assailed by men who cannot place full reliance upon the nerves of all their companions.

The expression of this opinion makes it necessary to say one word more, for it seems to imply a belief that the accident was caused by a want of the precautions which might have rendered it impossible. If the passage in question is not more dangerous than others daily traversed, some one must be to blame for the occurrence of the accident. It is painful to say a word which may be interpreted as condemning brave

men who are now dead; and there were not in the Alps a braver and better qualified guide and amateur than Croz and Hudson. They were the strongest and most experienced men in their party, and no two mountaineers could be named superior, if equal, to them. Yet we must add that the cause of the accident seems to us to be perfectly plain, and one which ought to be understood. It was simply that there was an inexperienced and untried man in the party, without, — and this is the important point, — a due force of guides. We do not say who was to blame; but if it was right to take a novice in the art up a mountain supposed to be the most dangerous in the Alps, it was certainly not right to take him with only three guides amongst four gentlemen. If, as is a moderate rule, there had been a guide between every two gentlemen, the accident could hardly have occurred. But we do not wish to insist upon a very painful subject.

The conquest of the Matterhorn substantially concluded one era in mountain-climbing, and it suggests several reflections as to the future of the art. One great inducement for climbing has all but disappeared. No one will again know the pleasure of being the first to plant his foot upon a hitherto untouched summit. The mountaineers may labour to make frivolous distinctions, to claim credit for small variations upon established routes, and to describe how for the first time they have walked up the right side of a glacier instead of the left. But the process is a depressing one, and cannot last long. It is like the effort of a company of shipwrecked men to find a few crumbs strewn about the scene of their former meals. But even this resource will soon be exhausted, and then the pleasure of discovery in the Alps will be reckoned amongst extinct amusements. It is a mere foretaste of what is coming to the world at large. We have the misfortune of being confined to a limited planet, and must take the consequences of our position. When there is a railroad to Timbuctoo, and another through the central regions of Asia, our great-grandchildren will feel on a large scale the same regret for the old days, when the earth contained an apparently inexhaustible expanse of unknown regions, that the Alpine traveller now feels on a very diminutive scale. But when the bloom of romance has departed, travelling will not cease. It will perhaps be more interesting to an intelligent mind, though the glories of Columbus or of Livingstone will be no longer amongst the possible objects of am-

bition. It is not quite so clear that this will be the case with mountaineering, or that men will feel the same interest in ascents when they can no longer hope to rival the glories of Saussure, of Forbes, or of the modern race of the Alpine Club.

There has, indeed, been a common cry, which was especially strengthened by the accident on the Matterhorn and two or three catastrophes which occurred about the same time, that under no circumstances was the game worth the candle. And we are quite prepared to admit that if we were to look forward to a yearly repetition of such misfortunes, it would be difficult to defend the practice of climbing, delightful as it may be in the opinion of its true devotees. We believe, however, that the facts show that the danger is by no means such as has sometimes been asserted, and that mountaineering, if pursued in a reasonable spirit, will be found to be not merely a healthy and delightful, but also a very safe, amusement. Thus, we may remark that for a long period previous to the Matterhorn catastrophe, serious accidents had been exceedingly rare. Dr. Hamel's party had come to harm on Mont Blanc from a contempt of the advice of the guides, and three Englishmen had perished on the Col du Géant owing to a total absence of the usual precautions. Still numerous parties had ascended Mont Blanc and other mountains every year without a single misfortune, and, even in later and more adventurous times, experienced mountaineers who obeyed the rules of prudence have enjoyed almost unbroken security. The Alpine Club now numbers over 300 members, and has from the beginning included nearly all the most enthusiastic climbers. Yet, with the exception of the Matterhorn catastrophe, no serious accident has ever happened to one of its members. One or two gentlemen have managed to tumble over their own axes, and a distinguished member, in the ardour of science, succeeded in getting under a falling block of ice, and being considerably damaged for the time; but with these exceptions we believe that the club has remained entirely free from misfortune. There have been almost as many lives of tourists sacrificed on Snowdon as on Mont Blanc since Dr. Hamel's accident, though it must be admitted that the number of ascents of Snowdon has been considerably larger. The explanation seems to be simple. The Alps, as we have said, repelled travellers chiefly by imaginary dangers; they looked so steep, so big, and so slippery, that people feared to attack

them,—to say nothing of the fanciful horrors of the “reverberation of the sun’s rays” and the rarefaction of the atmosphere to which the earliest race of climbers were subject. As it gradually became apparent that these dangers had been over-estimated, there was a natural tendency to regard all mountain difficulties with contempt. Both travellers and guides, in many instances, lost sight of the plainest principles of prudence, and were taught by sad experience that there were some very real dangers in the Alps, though those are not always the greatest which are the most conspicuous. In this way, the advice most required by mountaineers is opposite to that which should have been given to their predecessors. They need not be told that many of the apparent dangers are illusory, but should rather be reminded that there are other very serious ones whose presence sometimes is only perceptible to an experienced eye, and that the observance of certain precautions is necessary to justify them in pursuing their favourite sport.

We may hope that the terrible lesson of the Matterhorn has, for some time at least, impressed this necessity upon the minds of most mountaineers, and upon their recognition of it depends both their safety and their pleasure. The first, and one of the most essential, rules applies to the position of the guides. Mountaineering differs from most sports in this, that the difference between the professional and the amateur is unusually great. The players generally beat the gentlemen at cricket, and no amateur oarsman has much chance with a really good waterman; but a contest of gentlemen against guides on the Alps would be far more hopeless than a similar match in either of these games. The great reason is, of course, that most men take to the mountains comparatively late in life. Grown-up men of average powers of walking are perfectly capable of undertaking almost any ascent. There will be a very great difference, indeed, between the pace and the ease with which different men can do their work; a light, active walker will beat a heavy, short-legged rival by many hours in the ascent of a first-rate mountain. Still, with good weather and favourable snow, there is no peak in the Alps beyond the reach of a good average walker, and a man who can do his thirty miles a day on level ground may confidently undertake the most difficult feats that have been hitherto accomplished, unless he has a special antipathy to up-hill progression. So far, then, although guides are as a rule very superior to amateurs,

particularly when weight has to be carried, the superiority, though decisive, is not absolutely crushing. Some very good walkers will even equal,—though they cannot surpass,—a really good guide at a steady, uneventful climb. But that in which guides have an unapproachable advantage is a kind of instinct, difficult to describe, which is only given by life-long experience. It is not so much in performing gymnastic feats, though an accomplished chamois-hunter will often succeed in exploits at which the most active Englishman can only stare in astonishment. He will walk and leap upon slippery edges of ice and bare surfaces of steep rock as though he were possessed of a mysterious amulet,—the only magic being that of long practice. There are, however, very few places in which this cat-like power of keeping a footing under difficulties is really essential. It looks brilliant, and often saves time; but a little patience will generally find a way of circumventing difficulties which cannot be directly encountered. In short, it is a far more important element of success to have a tolerable amount of endurance than to be unusually active; the power of performing feats is scarcely ever indispensable, whereas a capacity for good steady plodding is generally all that is required for the ascent and that is necessary to enjoyment. It is when we come to a higher branch of the art, to a thorough knowledge of mountain craft, that guides show that superiority in skill which makes their aid in many cases indispensable. A good guide, who has probably been trained as a chamois-hunter, who has at least been familiar from his earliest youth with the mysteries of the climbing art, acquires a skill which we can only compare to that which savage tribes display in following a track by the eye.

Suppose, for example, that a party with one of the first-rate guides is moving to the ascent of a new mountain. It is often thought, by those who have not tried, that in this case guides and amateurs will be about on a par. Nothing can be further from the truth. There is, perhaps, a difficult glacier to be crossed, and beyond it a long wall of rocks, mixed with ice, to be climbed. The guide will, in the first place, select the most practicable route for climbing the rocks; he may not be able to say whether it will prove practicable or not, for that depends upon minute peculiarities about the rocks and the ice which only reveal themselves on close inspection. But if the amateurs and the guides differ as to the best route of assault, the chances are at least

twenty to one in favour of the guide's opinion. The next thing is to lay down the best line for approaching the rocks through the tangled labyrinth of crevasses. Here a good guide will at a glance determine the line to be taken, and will follow it unerringly without a single mistake, whereas a traveller has an equal chance of selecting the worst route, and when he is in the midst of the distorted masses of ice, will probably find that he has lost his clue. On arriving at the rocks, the guide, again, will be able to give a thoroughly trustworthy opinion as to the state of the snow; he will know exactly what is the danger of avalanches or falls of stones, and will adopt the best means for avoiding such dangers. In the actual climb the travellers constantly lose their place, as it were; that is, they confuse the different pinnacles of rock, and fancy that they are at one point which they have marked from below, when they are really a long way off from it. The guide never commits such a blunder, which may frequently cause the failure of an expedition. To mention only one other point out of many; a guide has the most perfect confidence in retracing the exact route by which the ascent has been made, although on the return every feature of the mountain is seen from the reverse side, and has, as every traveller knows, an entirely changed aspect. In a wilderness of blocks of stone, each as like to another as sheep in a flock, he shows a facility like that of the shepherd with his sheep in recognising each separate block at which he has cast a hasty glance in the morning. There is no part of a mountaineer's craft so difficult to acquire as this; and for want of it travellers are constantly bewildered and hopelessly at a loss, where their guides never hesitate for an instant. Even in a fog or a dark night a guide will find his way by what seems an unaccountable instinct, simply because his mind has become accustomed to mark and retain the most trifling details, which make no individual impression upon an inexperienced mind.

In all these, and in many other respects, a guide has the unapproachable advantage conferred by habits which have become instincts, and it is a real pleasure, when the traveller has become qualified to judge of the skill displayed, to watch a thoroughly good mountaineer finding his way through the various difficulties that obstruct every new ascent. The most obvious moral is that a difficult ascent should never be attempted by a novice without a sufficient force of guides. It will often be of no avail to have even the ablest and most experi-

enced amateur as a substitute; for, in addition to the points of superiority already mentioned, the guide has the professional instinct strongly developed; — that is, he is always ready to give assistance at the very instant it is required; and assistance, to be of any value, should generally be given without the delay even of a fraction of a second. A fall which may easily be arrested at the first moment becomes irresistible at the end of one or two seconds. The amateur forgets to move till the accident has actually begun. A good guide will see the first incipient symptoms of unsteadiness. In the next place, when good guides are taken, it should be a point of honour to listen to their advice. As a rule, such a guide errs on the side of audacity; he takes a natural interest in the success of the expedition; and he is accustomed, in chamois-hunting, to venture into far more dangerous positions than any which travellers will probably encounter. It is far better to give up any ascent whatever than to urge a man in whom you have confidence to go on where his judgment is against going, and if you have not confidence in your man, it is best to come back and get another guide. It is sometimes made an accusation against Alpine climbers that they tempt poor peasants into positions of peril by the offer of a few francs, — to which several answers may be made; as that, if the risk is as small as most travellers believe, the temptation is not unjustifiable; further, that the travellers themselves undoubtedly run a greater risk than their more active companions; moreover, that the guides are perfectly well able to judge for themselves, and exact a sufficient payment for the risk incurred. These answers are quite satisfactory, but only on the assumption that a guide is never unfairly pressed to proceed at critical moments; for then the danger would certainly be increased to an excessive degree, and an unfair advantage would be taken of a man's natural desire to distinguish himself. In short, it should be laid down as part of the elementary code of a mountaineer's duty, that certain prudential rules should be strictly observed, and that the worst of all breaches of prudence is a determination to proceed in defiance of the opinion of an expert.

There is, however, another corollary to this doctrine, upon which it is perhaps more important to insist at the present moment. We have endeavoured to show that guides have an incontestable superiority over amateurs, and that the most lamentable accident that has hitherto happened was caused by the want of a due force of guides. We may



add that it is our profound conviction that an attempt to dispense with their services on a large scale would lead to an immense increase of accidents. Nevertheless, there is another side to the question. It has been too much the fashion of late years for men to trust everything to their guides. Gentlemen come out to Switzerland, and before they know what a crevasse means, they undertake the most difficult expeditions in reliance upon the skill of others. This is fair neither to the guides nor to themselves. It is unfair to the guides, because it is an enormous tax upon their strength. A gentleman was not long ago roped to a guide to cross a glacier, and soon made it manifest that he looked upon the rope as intended for towing purposes. He considered, that is, that the guide was to drag him bodily through several miles of deep snow. He soon learnt better, and showed himself to be a good walker. But his example may be taken as an illustration. Inexperienced travellers become dead weights, though generally after a less literal fashion, and throw the whole responsibility upon their guides, without being able to assist, or even to follow by their own unaided energies. They thus impose a tax upon their guide which is in every respect unjustifiable. Such a traveller is equally unfair to himself. Many cases occur in which it is of importance that each member of a party should be able to answer for his own safety, though he need neither find the way nor give any assistance to his neighbours. On a steep snow slope, for example, a man should have perfect confidence that his own legs are to be relied upon; he should be quite confident that he will not make a slip which, at a critical moment, may endanger a whole party even of able mountaineers, and without that confidence no one should undertake difficult expeditions. Moreover, an inexperienced man misses three-fourths of the pleasure. He has the misery of being lugged over every obstacle, and feeling that he is a useless clog upon his companions, and he entirely fails to appreciate the skill displayed, and to take an intelligent interest in the ascent. He is like a man who should be strapped on the back of a horse to follow a fox-hunt,—a source of danger and annoyance to his friends, and a trouble to himself.

The true principle, then, seems to be obvious. Every aspirant to mountaineering honours should take care to qualify himself by cautious expeditions on his own account. There is plenty of pleasure to be obtained in the lower mountains. Nothing is more delightful than an ascent of some of the

lower peaks in perfect solitude, or with two or three friends. A very little experience will show a man what he can safely undertake. A few walks without guides will teach a great deal that may be entirely overlooked when another man's eyes and legs have to be implicitly trusted. There is an intense pleasure in finding one's own way, and gaining confidence in one's powers. The traveller soon learns to attend to a number of circumstances which are easily missed by those who are dependent upon others. He gains some of the instinct which is so highly developed in the professional guides, though he will never be able to rival them, and, if he undertakes more difficult expeditions according to the ordinary system with a good guide, he will be able to admire with intelligence their splendid exhibitions of activity and mountain craft, and to feel that he is not a burden upon their energies. It is true that there are certain limits to his powers, and he will be able to appreciate them the more clearly. If he finds himself qualified to undertake difficult expeditions,—such as the ascent of Mont Blanc or the Finster-Aarhorn,—he must be content to make more elaborate preparations than he would need with professional assistance,—to wait for perfect weather, to retreat under a smaller stress of difficulty, and to be content with more frequent failures. He must be specially careful to secure a safe retreat, and must not venture upon unusual feats and tours de force. But he will be able to judge for himself, and to call in assistance when needed. The really difficult excursions,—for example, the ascents of the Weisshorn or the Matterhorn, or expeditions which require unusual skill upon glaciers, great labour in cutting steps, and familiarity with the state of the snow,—will probably remain forbidden to him without such assistance. When he undertakes them they will be all the pleasanter from the knowledge which he has acquired in his own adventures.

We have insisted the more upon this consideration because it seems to be the great want of this, the last era of mountaineering. The adventitious charm of absolute novelty has gone forever. But every mountain is new to a man who attacks it for himself, who arranges his own scheme of assault, and carries it out by his own efforts. Amongst the less dangerous mountains there is plenty of room for this, which will always be a charming form of exercise. For,—and this is the last remark we need offer,—there is a pleasure about mountaineering such as few amusements can afford. Those



who go with some supplementary object, to collect flowers or to make observations in geology or in glaciers, will find that their favourite pursuit gains additional charms when it leads amongst the magnificent scenery of the Alps. Whatever nonsense has been talked upon the subject, there is nothing grander in nature than the wild scenery of the high mountains, with its strange contrasts and rapidly shifting effects. A man who has passed a few hours even at the Jardin or at the foot of the Matterhorn has learnt what is really meant by natural sublimity. If he has a touch of poetry in his composition, he cannot but be profoundly affected by the strange solitudes of the eternal snow, by the mighty cliffs, and the soaring peaks changing their aspect with every passing cloud that drifts through them and every ray of sunshine that strikes upon them. When wandering amongst their inmost recesses, he bears away indelible impressions such as are hidden from the traveller confined to the valley, and tormented by cockneys and inn-keepers. And, if it is necessary to descend to lower considerations, there is nothing which in moderation has a more potent influence upon the health. To breathe the pure air of the Alps after eleven months in London streets is an escape from a close prison; the lungs expand, the step becomes firm, and the appetite sometimes startles even its owner. Amongst all pleasant memories of such delights, let us try to revive one which many of our readers may have enjoyed. Let us place ourselves in imagination on a sunny steep of the mountains about 4 p. m. on a glorious day in July. Behind our backs towers some mighty pyramid, which, after long calculations and various attempts, we have succeeded in scaling that morning. A cairn, just visible through a telescope from the valley, testifies to all posterity that the summit has at last felt the foot of man. We have descended through various difficulties till at last we have been greeted by the sound of the cow-bells floating up through the thin air. And now we have reached the chalet, emptied a pailful of delicious warm milk at a draught, eaten some gigantic hunks of bread, butter, honey, hard-boiled eggs, and cold fowl, and, after lighting a pipe, lain down on a bush of Alpine roses, to enjoy the pleasure of lazily regarding the glorious scenery and a little village, — not unprovided with a comfortable inn, — at our feet. Such moments leave vivid recollections, and cause those who have once tasted them to vow that they shall not be without successors. We hope that by encouraging the proper mixture of prudence

and courage, of self-reliance and due respect to better experience than their own, the members of the Alpine Club may long continue to enjoy one of the purest and most stimulating of athletic pleasures, and encourage new generations to follow their footsteps, though they can no longer hold out a hope of new conquests.

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WE advert, with great satisfaction, to the progress that has recently been reported by the agents of the Society for the Exploration of Palestine. The exploration of Jerusalem has been commenced in real earnest, and if the needed funds continue to be supplied, the most important results may be expected, and the solution of problems that have been the puzzle of topographers for generations. Lieutenant Warren has established the fact, that the south wall of the enclosure of the temple is buried for more than half its depth beneath an accumulation of rubbish, and that if bared to its foundation, the wall would present an unbroken face of solid masonry, of nearly 1,000 feet long, and for a large portion of that distance more than 150 feet high. The valley of the Tyropean turns out to be very different in form from what has hitherto been supposed, suddenly descending close below the temple wall to a narrow gully of great depth. Professor Porter, of Belfast, well known for his travels and topographical works, writes to the *Times* that these discoveries are of an importance to the Biblical antiquarian scarcely to be over-estimated. The courses of the three ancient city walls, so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spots on earth — the Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple — are in a fair way to be determined. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace of Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upwards of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the ascent to the house of the Lord, which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no more spirit in her. The "pinnacle of the temple" on which the tempter placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found still to have an elevation of 133 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration, — if any one looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth. It is hardly possible to tell what may be discovered when the vast masses of ruin and rubbish that overlie the present city are explored. Hitherto the party have but explored the surface, or at most the vaults and cisterns immediately below it. They will now go far deeper, and penetrate those mysteries which the earth has entombed and preserved for centuries for the advantage of our generation.

— *Sunday Magazine.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LESS THAN A SQUIRE.

THE Morvilles belonged to a class more numerous in the west than in any other part of France; — to the class known under the denomination of *gentilâtres de campagne*. Before the Revolution these people had their use, for from them the lesser Princes of the Blood, such as Messieurs de Condé and Conti, for instance, and the Great Vassals, such as Messieurs de Montmorency, Rohan, and others of that stamp, took the more active part of their households; and their adventurous spirit, mixed with the daring of the “*cadets de famille*,” helped, from the battles of the Ligue to those of La Vendée, to give to the armies of France their reputation for recklessness and dash, and to keep up the prestige of “*la furia francese*,” acquired during the Italian invasions of Charles of Anjou.

So far, then, the pre-revolutionary existence of these small landholders has a motive. But after '89! After '89 it would be hard to find any reason why they should continue to be; yet there they are as distinct as ever from the classes both above and below them; and having in good earnest “neither learnt nor forgotten” anything, they can scarcely be described otherwise than as a nuisance.

What remains of the historical nobility of France has, — so long as all remembrance of, or reference to history has not been wiped out, — a kind of signification. While a Court and a Government subsist, which require great dignitaries, enormously paid functionaries, men whose business it is to represent the splendour of the country, — diplomatists, for instance, whose duty it still is to communicate with foreign Courts after the fashion kept up in those Courts, — while all this yet subsists, the ancient names of France have an obvious *raison d'être*. Besides, in some cases they serve to perpetuate the traditions of elegance, refinement, good-breeding, and really gentlemanly feeling, for which France was once famous. But to what use can possibly be put the families of men who assert that their social position, — that is, their name, — prevents them from gaining money in commerce or trade, and the extreme smallness of whose means deprives them of even the ordinary education of the middle-class in any other country at the present day? Too poor to live on a footing of equality with those whom they call their equals, too proud to associate with those whom they call “low-born,” — and who despise them, — too idle to learn, and too

proud to work, they live on in their uncomfortable homes, and on their narrow resources, virtually cut off from all communication with the great currents of activity or thought, and are, perhaps, in all Europe, the most thoroughly useless class that can be imagined, — the completest representatives of all that was worst in the Ancien Régime.

Early in this century there lived, at about a league's distance from D —, at a small, tumble-down kind of farm called La Morvillière, two brothers, one named René, the other Charles, de Morville. The elder stuck to his “dirty acres,” married, had two children, — a girl, who died, and Raoul, whom we have already seen, and who was now twenty-two. The younger, Charles, ran away from home at seventeen, was sought for in vain for several years, had made a sailor of himself, and achieved glory, by dint of hard service, and harder knocks. He was now an admiral, and had recently gained fresh distinction in China.

Although a vast distance lay, in the mind of the Vicomte, between the “Château” and this wretched little lairdship of La Morvillière, and although the “*filz des croisés*” looked loftily down upon persons whose ancestors had certainly never been more than squires to Crusaders or Crusaders' sons, even if they had been that, still, old Morville was a capital shot, not an unpleasant companion, and in the thinly-peopled neighbourhood of D — he was better than nothing. At all events, he was not a bourgeois! He was not a lawyer or a banker, or an employé, or a savant. He knew nothing, and did nothing! There was always that to say in his favour. So Monsieur le Vicomte consorted with him. The two wives, who were now both dead, became very dear friends, and the two Demoiselles de Vêrancour went to the same convent, at Poitiers, with Marie de Morville, for whose schooling at that venerable institution her parents contrived to find just money enough to pay. The girl was delicate, required good living and exercise, and the bad living and seclusion of the convent killed her. She went out like a lamp, and as no one around her could understand why, she was, on the whole, rather blamed than pitied.

Her mother mourned in silence over her loss, and, at the end of a couple of years, died also. Died, not only of grieving, but because in the dull, weakening monotony of an existence carried on under such conditions as those of the Morville family, there are no reserve-forces created. Life is never replenished, and when the particular sources of vitality of one epoch have been drained,

there is no general fountain of life from which to borrow the vitality required for a fresh period. There is no transmutation of strength, and men and women, — but, above all, women, — die simply because they have not life enough left in them wherewith to go on living. The clock goes down, and stops.

Madame de Morville and her friend, the Vicomtesse, were no more, — it is the fittest expression for the act of their departing this life, — within a year of each other, and the void left at La Morvillière was never to be filled up. The wife had been, what she so frequently is in France, the pivot upon which everything and everybody turns. In characterising her emphatically as "wife," I am, perhaps, wrong. One ought rather to say the housekeeper, for that is in reality her function. She rules supreme, and makes it possible, no matter how straitened are the ways and means, for the family to exist without getting into debt, and without having their embarrassments dragged before the public.

When the mistress of the house was gone, the house at La Morvillière went to wrack and ruin. Old Morville was utterly incapable of either putting or keeping order anywhere, and he flew into perpetual fits of fury at the ever-recurring evidences of disorder. He did not complain of being obliged to live chiefly on cabbage soup, but he stormed at the fact of the cabbage soup being rarely eatable. The pigs were so ill-fed that there was no fat to the bacon, and the historical food of Frenchmen in or about La Vendée came up to table little more than a vast bowlful of greenish water and yellowish grease. In the shooting season there was game, it is true, but old Morville, at sixty, was not so active as he used to be; for the house was terribly damp, and he could not afford to warm it, neither could he afford good wine to light up the fires in his own bodily system; and so he grew rheumatic and morose. There was no money to pay for anything, and the D—— tradespeople were eternally clamouring for the payment of their small bills. It was a wretched state of existence, and most wretched did old Morville find it.

As to Raoul, the real misery, however, was for him, who had never yet complained. He attained the age of twenty-two, with comparatively no education at all. But here Nature compensated for all deficiencies. The boy's energies were so rare, his intelligence was so bright, his desire to acquire knowledge so steady and strong, that he managed to scrape together an amount of information which put him on a

par with the other young men about him, whilst the difficulty with which he had acquired it made him infinitely their superior.

The Curé of D—— had taken a deep interest in Raoul from the boy's earliest childhood, and the Curé of D—— was a remarkable man, — remarkable for his profane, as well as theological, learning, for his liberal opinions, and for the uprightness of his character. He taught Raoul all he could teach him, — Latin, history, grammar, and the elements of geometry, and gave him the run of his library, which was an extensive one.

Raoul had had another patron, — a very singular one; and this was no other than Martin Prévost, who had an inexplicable fondness for the lad, and was reported to have said that if old Morville would or could do nothing for his son, he would help him whenever he required help.

The tradition in and about D—— was, that Madame de Morville had once rendered a great service to old Prévost's mother, when Madame de Morville herself was a young married woman, and Madame Prévost an aged one, within two years of her death. Monsieur le Curé knew all about it, and it was supposed that Martin Prévost did so too. At all events, his liking for Raoul was a fact. Old Morville, so far from feeling kindly towards Martin Prévost, held his inclination for the boy to be a positive piece of presumption, and formally forbade his son ever to associate with Richard Prévost. Admiral de Morville, who was a sensible, practical man, and had rubbed off the crust of provincial prejudice, if it ever adhered to him, in his rough contact with the world, did his utmost whenever he came to La Morvillière to atone for his brother's susceptibilities and stupid mistakes, and he never failed to call upon Martin Prévost once or twice during his stay in the neighbourhood, and invariably took his nephew with him on these occasions.

But since the return of the two sisters from their convent at Poitiers, the one attraction for Raoul de Morville in D—— was the Château. The pretext was a ready one. Raoul had been devotedly attached to his dead sister. There was but one year between the two, and he was sixteen when Marie died. He himself was wont to say he should never be consoled for her loss, and that it had been a heavier blow to him even than the death of his mother. Felicie de Véricour was reputed to have been Marie de Morville's chosen friend, though Marie herself had seemed to have a yearning love towards little Vévette, who was

but a child, and called the elder schoolfellow invariably her "petite maman."

How it all came about, who shall say? And, first, what was it? Raoul and Vévette glided into a perfect unity of heart and soul, into an identity of being, as a boat on an unknown river glides down into a whirlpool, without knowing it. They knew only of their happiness; they did not know of their love, till the fact stood revealed to them that their love was misery. Then it was too late.

No one in the Vêrancour household had heeded Raoul. He had not a sou!—he was sans conséquence. Not quite so completely sans conséquence as Monsieur Richard, because he was a gentleman, after all; but he was "beyond the pale," because of his poverty. His remarkable good looks, his winning ways, his intelligence, his fiery energy,—all went for nothing. It was totally impossible a "man without a sou" should be dangerous to a "well-born woman," and so no one ever adverted to the possible danger of Raoul for Vévette. As to old Morville, he never thought of his son at all, till his brother the Admiral came down to La Morvillière one day, and signified that "something" must be done for Raoul.

"Something! but what?" grumbled the father.

"I will take care of that," replied the Admiral, and then propounded the famous scheme for the clerkship in the Admiralty.

This happened about the end of September, and at first there seemed small chance of the Admiral's project ever coming to maturity. Not only did old Morville object to his son becoming an employé, but Raoul himself respectfully, but firmly, refused to consent until he should have reflected amply upon the obligations of the career opened to him. Old Morville was a fool, and his brother was neither astonished at, nor did he care much for, his refusal; but Raoul,—what made him hesitate? That the Admiral could not fathom, and, after all, as his nephew only asked for a time, he gave it him, and waited. In the first days of October the Admiral returned to Paris, and it was settled that Raoul should write to him when he had made up his mind, and that he should have till the end of the month to do so.

The one thing to which Raoul de Morville did make up his mind was, that Vévette should one day be his wife. But what were the means by which to achieve this end?

## CHAPTER IX.

### MONSIEUR LEON.

THE great evil of that in France which is not town is, that neither is it country. All real grandeur is one, and the surging and seething and moaning and toiling of the human waves in a huge city's ocean are as terrible a sight as the upheaving of the Atlantic in a storm. Nor is the man who stands alone upon the loneliest shore more lonely than he who seeks solitude in the rush and roar of human passions in a great town. Life stirs the depths of both those seas, and both are full of sublime poetry;—but there is no poetry in a pond, and no life in a canal, for neither has any depths to be stirred. What is non-Parisian in France is not rural or agricultural, it is narrowly provincial. On a narrow, shallow scale, an imitation is sought to be produced of a gigantic model, and, like all imitations, it is a failure. It is truly as a pond to a sea, and as no real ground-swells move it, and as no real storm-winds lash it, it is, as a pond, lifeless, and it stagnates. Nothing but disease is to be gained by living always on the banks of a pond, and thus it is that the true provincial in France breathes only the odours of stagnation, or if he mistakes for life and activity his own attempts to ruffle the waters, he merely succeeds in stirring up mud.

It is a dreary and unwholesome existence this of small provincial towns in France. Devoid of all that elevates, it detaches man from himself;—flinging him, as it were, away into some vast interest or cause, and pinning him down to all his lower wants and instincts, paralysing his mind, drying up his heart; and,—far from guarding him from vice,—only making vice itself worse by making it more matter of fact.

If the little town of D—— had had all its houses unroofed, and their secrets laid bare by a "diable boiteux," you would have shuddered to find how much more degraded the human species was there than in the larger centre of the capital itself; for you would have found all the levels much lower, and all the sins of sensuality and greed utterly unbalanced by any generous instincts or lofty aspirations.

As the collective efforts of the population of D—— tended persistently towards the fashioning of that small place upon the approved plan of a Grande Ville, you would, had you lived there, have found a miniature copy of all the faults and absurdities of bigger cities.

There were people who did not visit other people, but who, all the same, kept a close watch over the proceedings of those other persons whom they could not visit! There was intrigue and hypocrisy and dishonesty and cunning enough to furnish the amount desired by the most despotic Court or Government in Europe a hundred years ago; a perpetual craving for "place," though there was no place higher than the dignity of *Maire* or *Conseiller Municipal*;—and a considerable sprinkling of adultery.

D—, in this its transition state of progress towards the morals and manners of a great town, had its "lion,"—a real indigenous lion, or, as the French term it, a "*coq de village*." This was no other than a certain Monsieur Duprez, a man of some six or seven-and-thirty, whose father had, twenty years before, been the medical practitioner of the place, and who was, by the public voice of D—, declared to have "made his fortune." Monsieur Duprez was what ladies-maids term a wonderfully fine man. He had bushy whiskers and red lips, curly hair and a white forehead, and there was about him a certain air of ease and good nature and jollity which drew towards him many who, "*de parti pris*," had decided to keep aloof from him. The deceased doctor had left his son a goodly house in the principal street of D—, and, instead of selling it, the said son jauntily opined that he was rich enough to keep it, and that it was pleasant to have a home in the spot where he was born, and where, as he was graciously pleased to observe, he loved every one and every one loved him. And so Monsieur Léon used to come often to his paternal mansion, and stay there for a few weeks at a time, and it was rumoured that a strong attraction was exercised over him by the wife of the *Juge de Paix*. This lady, though his senior, and now past forty, was still undeniably handsome, and people asserted that he could not loosen the chain with which she had bound him. However, be that as it may, Monsieur Duprez came very often to D—, sent down showy articles of furniture from Paris, gave dinners now and then to the "authorities!" played billiards with the whole town, beating everybody, and at the café on the Market Place, opposite the *Mairie*, was the life and soul of the daily gatherings, and initiated all D— into the deepest mysteries of politics and finance throughout Europe. What had set the crown to this gentleman's popularity was, that, about a year before the period we are speaking of, he had sent a tolerable-looking horse, and what he

styled a *Tilbury*, down to his house, and when he was present he drove himself out in this vehicle, and when he was absent he lent it to the *Juge de Paix*, who drove out his wife. This the people of D— called an equipage, and the position of Monsieur Léon became a solid one.

One man alone would never consent to have anything to do with Monsieur Duprez, and that man was old Martin Prévost. He resisted all that amiable person's repeated attempts to captivate him, and when any of their neighbours affirmed that Monsieur Léon had made his fortune, and was a rich man, he invariably answered, "That is what we shall see some day."

Unfortunately, in the life of such small towns as D— the attraction hardly ever eluded is the café. Business and idleness lead to it alike. Either it is the natural place of appointment for those who have affairs on hand, or it is the natural place for those to lounge in who have no employment for their hours. And so, from the notary or avoué down to the labourer, and from the petty tradesman up to the neighbouring squire, you are pretty certain to see the entire male population of a small town and its environs send its members successively to the café,—above all, if there be but one.

Martin Prévost and his nephew, though so dissimilar in all their ways, were alike in this, that neither ever set foot in the café; and that was what could be said of no other individual in D—.

M. de Vêrancour, on the other hand, would occasionally stroll in, and gratify himself with a "*demi-tasse*," or it might be a "*choppe*," according to the season or the time of the day at which his visit was paid. Within the last twelvemonths Raoul de Morville had taken to frequenting the café regularly; and, above all, when Monsieur Duprez was at D— he would pass hour after hour playing billiards, or talking with "Monsieur Léon," as he was familiarly called.

Raoul's age, disposition, and peculiar circumstances, all combined to make him the easy dupe of a man like Duprez. Public opinion,—and no matter how small the field, a few hundred men soon constitute a public, and force those who live with them to accept the fact,—public opinion proclaimed Monsieur Léon successful. Here was his power over Raoul. Success was necessarily young Morville's idol, for to succeed was to win *Vévette*.

But succeed in what? What was the particular career in which Raoul wished to



succeed, or for which he was fitted? That point remained vague and undetermined in his mind, but Monsieur Léon and his "success" fascinated him. Now, those two words "réussir" and "parvenir," which have with in the last fifteen years in France risen to such a terrible importance, and which, he it observed, never are associated with any distinct object,—it is never said in what a man has succeeded, or to what he is parvenu,—those two words simply mean the sudden acquirement of wealth by a lucky chance. They imply neither genius, toil, nor patience; they merely imply that, by some piece of good luck, the individual in question has acquired wealth before he was too old to enjoy it. They make the successful man interesting, because fate is supposed to have decided in his favour.

Day after day then Raoul thought more highly of Monsieur Duprez, and set all his energies to discovering how he, too, could compel fortune without loss of time. It was not that he disliked work, but that he was impatient; he would have toiled night and day for his end, but he longed for Vévette. And so he came to question his new friend about his Golden Fleece expeditions, and Monsieur Duprez smiled and said nothing was so easy, and that really if men were not wealthy now-a-days it was that they did not care to be so. And then he invariably wound up his speech with, "Look at me; when I went to Paris ten years ago, I had but a thousand francs in my pocket. I could not sell the house here, therefore it was a dead weight. I had one thousand francs ready money,—and look at me now!" And at these words Monsieur Léon was wont to indulge in a look and gesture that seemed to say he could buy all D—— if he chose. Barring old Prévost, that was the interpretation all D—— gave to the words.

Ten years! yes; but ten years was an eternity. Raoul could not wait ten years. Why, he should be thirty-two and Vévette twenty-seven. "Ten years, what an age!"

"Money is made quicker now," would reply Monsieur Léon. "With ten thousand francs in hand a man who knows what he is about may make a hundred thousand in six months and a million in a year."

What Aladdin's lamp-like visions! But where on earth were the ten thousand francs to be got that were to be the key to them all?

By dint of listening to Monsieur Léon, however, young Morville's head got filled with ideas of the possibilities of riches; and

one day, about the middle of September, Monsieur Léon imparted to his eager disciple his plans for the working of a silver mine in Mexico, and proved, to the latter's entire satisfaction, that the man who should invest two thousand francs, no more, in that incomparable scheme, would inevitably realise fifty per cent., upon his venture; for under the seal of absolute secrecy, Monsieur Léon mentioned the names of great chiefs upon the Bourse who were resolved to drive up the shares to fabulous premiums the moment the prospectus of the company appeared. Then, too, there was no saying what the future might not bring forth,—a young, active, energetic man would be required to undertake the journey to Mexico, and report on the progress of the works. It might be a journey of some danger, but the remuneration would be princely, and on his return home what might not the successful emissary aspire to.

"Only," Monsieur Duprez would prudently add, "the repute of the enterprise is so high amongst the few who know of it that it would be probably impossible to secure twenty shares now."

Monsieur Léon, however, had taken a sincere liking for Raoul. The young fellow's intelligence and ardour pleased him; he delighted in his ambition, and would go all lengths to serve him.

"But, my dear friend," objected he one day, "what is the use of talking in this way of shares, and silver mines, and premiums, and Mexican companies? Where, in the name of Heaven, could you get two thousand francs? Supposing that by any effort I could get you the twenty shares, could you by any witchcraft get the money?"

"Who knows?" had been Raoul's reply. "Perhaps I might find means."

This was just the period when Admiral de Morville having proposed the clerkship in the Marine Ministry to his nephew, consented to give the latter time to consider whether he accepted it or not.

In the first days of October Monsieur Duprez's importance rose immensely in the public mind of D——, for he was observed to receive telegrams incessantly, sometimes two in the same day. D—— was not a telegraph station, and a man on horseback had to bring the despatches from Cholet, an hour's ride, and his arrival was an event, and shed glory over the receiver of the missives, who was forthwith elevated to the rank of a Mîres or a Péreire.

On the 6th of the month, Monsieur Léon announced to Raoul that he could secure the

shares, and that he might have one week wherein to find the money. "But," added he, "after the fifteenth it will be too late; for on the afternoon of that day I must start for Paris to undertake the settlement of various preliminary details with my friends."

Had Raoul de Morville in all his surroundings any one who cared to note the changes in his humour or his countenance, they might have marked his visible anxiety during that week. But there were none who thus cared, and during those few days he never went near the Château.

On the afternoon of the 14th of October Raoul called on Monsieur Duprez, and deposited in his hands two bank-notes of one thousand francs each. And his financial patron slapped him on the shoulder, and said his fortune was made.

Monsieur Léon left for Paris the next day, convinced in his own mind that the money came to Raoul from his uncle, for on that same morning the postman had carried to La Morvillière a registered letter with the Paris postmark. These little details are public property in places like D—, and the successful parvenu had made up his mind as to what was in that registered letter.

"Goes halves with the nephew in his prospects of gain," muttered he to himself. "Vieux loup de mer, va!"

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE FEAST FOR THE DEAD.

I HAVE already said that the Curé of D— was a remarkable man. His great superiority lay in that he was so upright in mind and so largely, unmistakably human. The great fault of all ecclesiastics, whether belonging to the Church of Rome or to other confessions, is that they confine themselves narrowly within their establishments, and ceasing to be men, become churchmen. This was precisely what the Curé of D— did not do. He was a man among his fellowmen, feeling for them and with them, and never preaching at, or condemning, or denouncing and renouncing them, but simply striving to understand them. Neither, strong in his own faith as he was, did he ever take upon himself to help the Almighty in his work of awakening faith in others, but waited till God's grace touched them; waited prayerfully and trustfully, but could not be brought to recognise the duty of knocking and driving faith into people by sledge-hammer threats of damnation.

The Curé of D— had nothing about him of the conventional Apostolic type. Nobody among his parishioners, neither the old women nor the very young ones, ever called him either an angel or a saint, but every one respected him, and all were ready to declare that he was the most thoroughly honest man that ever breathed. He was ugly and awkward, being large jointed, stout, and ungainly in his movements, and having a big round head, with a large flat face. Yet the kind truthful expression of his ox-like grey eyes invited confidence and inspired courage. Downhearted people always went to him and came away cheered. He was of a singularly undaunted nature, loved all men, and feared nothing. When a misfortune happened to an unbeliever he was by that unbeliever's side an hour after, giving him the practical help he needed, and invariably saying that good Christians wanted him far less than bad ones. It was notorious that when Père Vincent's cow died, and left him ruined, Monsieur le Curé gave him the means of buying another out of his own purse; and as Père Vincent was an infidel and a scoffer and the son of a father who had in '93 massacred priests, this fact scandalised the bishops; but it caused Père Vincent to have himself baptised within the year, and to bow his head meekly before the gentle force of the Gospel. It was also notorious that in June, '48, when Monsieur le Maire, terrified almost into insanity, was nowhere to be found, the Curé had assumed his place, and distributing cartouches to the Garde Nationale and sturdy counsel to each individual man, had organised and kept up such a respectable system of defence for the little town of D—, that the various insurrectionary bands that swept through the department agreed to leave D— unvisited, and avowed later that they were afraid of the Curé.

Well! it is true; that was a thing often said of our friend. Many people pretended they were afraid of him; but those who did so were always found to be half-and-half natures, faint souls, who quailed less before darkness than before light.

Between old Prévost and the Curé there had been a sort of tacit compromise, somewhat after the fashion of that which exists in France between the Church and the State; each, at bottom, regarding the other as a necessary evil. The Curé couldn't for the life of him, esteem Martin Prévost, for he was far too sure of the latter's usurious exactions; and his charity and his honesty had bouts of hard fighting with each other

over the grandson of the Swiss valet de chambre ; — for, let it be avowed, the Curé was, of the two, more honest even than charitable.

This it was which made Martin Prévost respect him. A Voltairian himself, if he had had to do with a priest who was only a priest, let what might have been his virtues, he would have got the better of him, and made his life intolerable in D—; but the Curé met him on his own ground, and, if they had tried conclusions, would have beaten him on it, and this Martin Prévost felt, and avoided all collision with him. If the Curé stated that money must be given for some practical purpose, old Prévost gave his share without murmuring, and what was more, Madame Jean contributed hers too; for the Curé never went about begging, and never got up “quêtes” for sentimental objects.

When Martin Prévost came to his violent end, the Curé was, as he invariably proved to be upon all emergencies, the most useful person in D—. He inspired the Maire with courage, and the Juge de Paix with good sense, and persuaded the Juge d’Instruction, who was sent from the Chef Lieu du Département, to refrain from committing daily acts of arbitrary folly. If it had not been for the Curé the whole town would have been preventively imprisoned, and at the same time, if it had not been for him, the scanty traces of the direction taken by the murderer would not have been discovered. To Monsieur Richard the Curé had shown every imaginable kindness, going even the length of offering him a room at the Presbytère, if the residence in his crime-polluted, blood-stained home proved too much for him.

“C’est un fier homme que Monsieur le Curé?” — so proclaimed Madame Jean, who in no way partook of her defunct master’s Voltairianism; preferring, however, for her own spiritual needs, the mild humdrum, gossiping guidance of the Vicaire to the rough-handed thorough direction of his superior.

All Saints’ Day had come and was past, and a finer first of November had rarely been witnessed. The sun was bright and warm, and the sky blue as in May, and all D— had been present at High Mass, and all the womankind of D— had attended vespers.

The church clock struck six, night was beginning to close in, and the vigils for the feast of the dead, the solemn fête of the next day, were ended. The Curé gave a last look round the sacrists to see that all

was in order; he had already allowed the Vicaire and the sacristan to go to their respective homes; and then taking in hand an enormous key, which hung with three or four others to a ponderous iron ring, he prepared to put it into the lock of the so-called choir-door, and lock from the outside the entrance which was opposite to the Presbytère. Just as the key grated in the ward he heard a voice speaking to him. “Don’t shut me up, please,” said the sweet, girlish voice, and a slight form, clothed in black, brushed past the Curé and crossed the threshold.

“You, my child?” exclaimed he on recognising Vévette. “Why, I didn’t see you in church. I thought you had gone to St. Philibert.”

“No; I did not; Félicie did. You know I always come here.” These last words were said in a subdued tone, and contained an allusion to what was rather a sore point between the Curé and the Château.

In former days the Château had had two parishes; the upper or eastern parts of the estate lying within the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities of D—, while the lands to the west belonged to the parish of St. Philibert. The Canon Law of France prescribing that High Mass on Sundays and feast days shall be attended by every parishioner at the church of his parish, the Véranccour family had seemingly no choice now save to go into the town for the exercise of their religious duties; but the little hamlet of St. Philibert had attractions for Mademoiselle Félicie, and she maintained that she had still a right to regard herself as a parishioner of St. Philibert, and at all events to take the Curé of St. Philibert for her confessor. Accordingly, the compromise hit upon tacitly by both parties was, that if the inmates of the Château attended all great ceremonies at the town church, they were free to attend all lesser ones at the church, or chapel rather, of the village. Now vespers and vigils are not strictly obligatory, and mass being over, Mademoiselle Félicie had resorted for the afternoon services to the place of worship most agreeable to her, leaving her sister, as was her wont, to hear every note of “les offices” at the church at D—.

“It is late for you to be out alone, my child,” said the Curé, as he turned the heavy key in the rusty lock of the door.

“I am not alone,” answered Vévette. “Mère Jubine’s Louison is with me,” and she pointed to the tall figure of a girl who was standing at a few yards from them, close to the trunk of a sycamore.

By the dim rays of the lantern that he carried in his hand you could see an expression of displeasure pass over the rugged features of the Curé. "She is not a fitting person to accompany you," observed he in a loud whisper.

"Oh! Monsieur le Curé," rejoined Vévette, half reproachfully; "you must not be hard upon her; she is really a very good girl; and, besides, if she had not promised to come back with me, I could not have come at all."

"No! of course not," retorted he, "so long as Mademoiselle Félicie indulges in particular fancies for this or that chapel, or this or that minister of God."

"Ah! Monsieur le Curé," interrupted Vévette, "now you are hard upon Félicie."

"I hope I am not hard upon any one," said the Curé; "but I am anxious to see the worship of the Almighty kept pure from all unworthy personal considerations; and, for instance, my child, I do hope that if death, — or the Bishop, — should remove me from D——, you will be to my successor, as your parish priest, all you have been to me, even should he happen to be the reverse of whatever you may choose to think pleasant or agreeable. Where are we tending?" he added, after a moment's pause, and walking on a step or two, "with all these littlenesses, and caprices, and hypocrisies? The love of God and the fear of God are disappearing from human hearts, and in their place we have new-fangled practices, pet-prayers, and medals! Medals!" he repeated in a singular tone of deprecation. "Forms! forms! imitation piety!"

Vévette smiled, and said with a touch of raillery in her sweet voice, "Well! what you say is always the exact reverse of what the Abbé Leroy says." The Curé of St. Philibert usually went by his own name, whilst the parish priest of D—— was emphatically "Monsieur le Curé" for ten miles round. "The Abbé Leroy insists upon it that we can never bind ourselves down by too many forms."

"The Abbé Leroy is a Jesuit," broke in the Curé, abruptly. "They don't know where they are leading the Church, nor how they are falsifying her teachings. However, faith and prayer are our only arms; — and hard work," he added; "the incessant labour to bring all our brethren to see the truth, and love it. My poor little lamb! don't let yourself be be-medalled. Love God, and strive beyond your strength to act uprightly and honestly; to do what is

right. All the medals in the world won't help you as much as that will."

Thus saying, they had reached the threshold of the Presbytere, the door of which was opened by a stern-featured woman, long past the canonic age, \* and familiar to D—— as "Monsieur le Curé's Lise."

"I've been drawn into preaching," observed the Curé, with a shake of the head; "a dangerous habit! — leads to intolerance, and to judging one's neighbours. "Here, dear child, take this box of dragées; † they come from the christening of this morning; — Pierre Campion's little girl, you know;" — and he tendered to Vévette a round box which he extracted from the deep pockets of his wide soutane.

"Nay," objected Vévette, "not all, — give me half."

"Give the other half to Mademoiselle Félicie from me; in her peculiar parlance she will tell you she adores dragées," — the Curé made a wry face as he uttered the words; "and make haste home now, for look at those masses of cloud to the west; we shall have rain in no time; and just feel how cold the wind has grown. All our fine days are over."

Vévette hurried down the steep path with her companion, not knowing why the Curé's parting words had struck her with a sudden chill. It seemed to her as though all her fine days were at an end.

And sure enough the weather did change, and wind and rain howled and pelted all the night, and the morning rose upon as gloomy a "jour des morts" as any inhabitant of D—— cared to remember. At a little after nine the tolling of the church bell apprised the population that mass for the souls of the dead would soon be chanted, and from almost every house or shop-door you saw individuals of both sexes and all ages issuing; for whatever the religious opinions of French men or women, this is a fête from which they are rarely absent. The bell tolled on for more than half an hour, till, at ten o'clock, it ceased, marking the moment when High Mass began.

The church of D—— was, like many of those in the west of France, built at various periods; destroyed during the barbarous wars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, — for which destruction we English had a good deal to answer, — and re-constructed according to the style of the epoch

\* No priest is allowed in France to be served by a woman under forty.

† The poorest person, upon the occasion of a christening, presents the officiating priest with a box of dragées (sugared almonds).

following those troubles. It had a crypt, which with a part of the wall at the back of the choir was of the tenth century, the nave was of the fifteenth, and the chief entrance, with its pointed Gothic arch and rich stone carvings, bore the date of 1508. Inside it was very plain, but possessed a few objects of local interest, — one handsome tomb of a princess of the House of Anjou; another, quite modern, of a distinguished Polish exile; and several partially-filled windows of extremely fine old stained-glass. The Revolution had committed great havoc here, and vast spaces of dull lead-coloured panes intervened between the rescued portions of colour, gorgeous as the richest tissues of the East, and quite sufficient, when the sun blazed upon them in midsummer, to throw a carpet of red, blue, and gold upon the stone pavement of the aisles.

There was no brightening ray, however, to enliven the church on this 2nd of November. All was dismal as the occasion itself. The altar was hung with black, and dimly lighted, and in the centre of the nave rose a large, heavy-looking edifice draped in black cloth, covered with silver flames, surmounted with black and white plumes, and surrounded with tall, great tapers, the yellow wax wherefrom guttered down in the draughts of air that entered through every opening. At a little after nine you began to hear the sharp sound of sabots upon the floor. They came in one by one; the closing door gave a muffled slam, the ring of an umbrella dropping upon the pavement produced a metallic sound, the wooden heels tapped against the stone, a half-drenched, poorly-dressed peasant made his, or her, way up to the wooden benches, and all was again still. Till just before mass was commenced only the very devout were visible, and these were mostly country people, — what in France are called *cultivateurs*, — and their families. During the procession round the church, there were few of the townsfolk, but all who were present followed the procession, and joined in the ghostly chants which the ritual of Rome prescribes for this part of the ceremony. One of the earliest of these assistants was the wood-cutter, Prosper Morel, and though he came the very last in the line following the banner and the priests, he seemed foremost of all in the fervour of spirit with which he joined the ardent invocations of the Church. His coarse, much patched, and darned blouse was wet through, for apparently he had no umbrella, and a broad-brimmed grey hat was crushed between his two horny hands, which he held clasped together on his breast, and in an

attitude of agonised entreaty. With head high uplifted, and eyes staring, as it were, through the very roof above him, the uncouth-looking Breton poured forth the ever-recurring "*Libera me*" with tremendous force, and in a strangely funereal tone. When the procession was ended, Prosper retired to a vacant corner close to a lateral door right opposite the pulpit, and knelt down upon the pavement, seemingly having no place upon any of the wooden benches.

Somewhat before ten o'clock the real congregation began to pour in, and Monsieur le Maire took his place in the carved oak state-pew in front of the pulpit, where, on worn-out old chairs, covered with moth-eaten red velvet, the notables and worthies of the parish were entitled to sit. M. de Vêran-cour and Richard Prévost, by reason of their importance in the parochial administration, sat there also. In the centre of the church were ranged the various heads of the society of D—, chiefly remarkable from the different degrees of richness of their respective prie-dieus. There was the doctor and his mother, wife, and children, and the notary with his wife, and the schoolmaster, and the hotel-keeper, and the Juge de Paix, with his wife and a lanky boy. The Juge de Paix, who was a "*philosophe*," was remarkable for never kneeling; he went to church because that was fitting in his position, but he stood when others knelt, and thought that this conciliated personal independence with respect for the forms honoured by the State.

When the Curé mounted the altar-steps and began to recite the "*Intriobo*," there was not a person of any note in the town absent from the church. Madame Jean, in very handsome mourning, had, on the whole, the finest prie-dieu of all, — tapestry work, red poppies, blue corn-flowers, and a white cross in the middle. The Brigadier de Gendarmerie was splendidly got up.

When the terrible chant of the "*Dies Iræ*" wailed and moaned through the church, many a head was bowed down, and although nothing could exceed the discordance of the sounds on which the awful words were borne, and although the drone of the serpent, out of tune and out of time, and confided to the musical aptitudes of a fanatical cobbler, verged upon the ridiculous, nothing seemed felt but the dread of the future and the grief for the lost. Poor little Vêvette was observed to sob bitterly as she hid her head in her handkerchief, and both old Morville and his son Raoul covered their faces with their hats. Richard Prévost was pale, and looked ill, and old Prosper, still on his knees in his corner, was intent upon his large-beaded



rosary, and mumbled over it like one of the cripples in his own province on his way to a "pardon."

When the Gospel had been read, the Curé ascended the pulpit, and, as is the custom in country churches, prepared to address a few words to his hearers upon the special import of the day's service.

The Curé was no orator, and he knew it, and never attempted to make elaborate discourses, which, had they been the finest in the world, would have been lost upon his hearers. His sermons were generally short and to the point, and merely aimed at impressing his auditory with the reality and comprehensibility of the Christian doctrine, and at bringing home to their minds the true sense of whatever might be the particular lesson of the day.

His subject on this 2nd of November was all ready found;—it was Death. Few among us who have passed their childhood do not respond to the melancholy of that theme! And so the congregation of the church of D— listened to the Curé's homely words with wrapt attention, and dwelt anew in anguish upon the beloved who were for ever gone.

"For ever!" There was the mystery—the terror or the hope; and there, of course, the priest, full of faith, strove to bring over every individual listener to grasp, as it were, with his hand the reasons for believing. Stifled sobs and low wailings answered his appeal, and no eloquence was needed to touch even the most rugged hearts in this one point where all had suffered. The howling of the wind without, and the plashing of the rain, made a gloomy accompaniment to the scene.

When his short address was nearly ended, the Curé paused, and then in a few sentences adverted to the horrible crime by which the hitherto peaceful town had been affrighted,—the murder of Martin Prévost. "We have not only felt the grief and the sorrow of death," said he, "but the terror of death has visited us; death in its most dreadful form, the form of murder! And the murderer is unpunished, unsuspected!"

And then, leaning forwards upon the cushion in front of the pulpit, and speaking more slowly than before, he thus continued his discourse:—"I would wish you all," said he with extreme earnestness, "to study the last words of to-day's Gospel, for you will see how they apply to the terrible mystery which so shocks us all." Placing his finger upon the page of the book open before him—"Listen!" he added; "For

the hour will come in which all who are in their tombs will hear the voice of the Son of God. And those who have acted righteously will arise, and theirs shall be the resurrection to life; and those who have done evil will also arise, but only to be judged.' Now, my brethren, these are not vain words; these are facts. It is good you should look upon them as such. We are regretful at this moment that the evil-doer should have escaped, for his escape might have called down wrong and misery upon the innocent, and it is God's mercy alone which has allowed it to be clearly proved that among our neighbours stands no murderer: but, my brethren, the evil-doer has not escaped; it is but a reprieve;—it is only for a few months, or weeks, or days. He cannot escape, my brethren; no one can escape; for when that hour of which we are told strikes, the murderer will rise, but by his side will be the man he murdered! Perhaps even now he is trying to forget, perhaps he has forgotten; but the hour will come,—come as surely as that I am standing here,—and when he gets out of his grave he will see over again what he hoped never to see more. He will see the blood-stained head and face; and the eyes, whose death-glare he did not see, will stare at him, and Martin Prévost will clutch his hand and lead him up to the eternal tribunal. They will stand there together face to face."

These words, whereby the Curé had merely intended to impress on his hearers the certainty of retribution, and the matter-of-fact truth of Gospel teachings, seemed to have struck a strange terror into the entire congregation. The remainder of mass was attended to in silence, and the departing crowd exchanged silent greetings on the threshold of the church. The wind still howled pitifully, and the rain beat against the windows, and the lowering grey sky looked like a pall.

When the last parishioner had departed, Raoul de Morville left his father's side and went back into the church to fetch the prayer-book he had mislaid upon his chair. "Why, Prosper, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, as, on turning round to go out by the side-door, he saw the woodcutter still on his knees, with his rosary in his hand, but motionless. The man's head was thrown back, and rested upon the stone carvings of the holy-water font; his eyes were wide open, and so was his mouth; but nor look nor breath nor sound came from either. His fingers were closed tightly over his beads. He was apparently in a trance or a fit.

Raoul shook him, and threw water from the font over him, but he was some minutes before he recalled him to himself. When consciousness did return, he shrank from Raoul as from a reptile, gathered himself up, and, quivering with fear, fixed his dull, scared look upon Raoul with an expression of horror quite indescribable.

The beadle came by to see that no one lingered in the church, and young Morville recommended the Breton to his care.

In the end Prosper consented to rise and

make his way out of the church, but he went alone, fiercely resenting any attempts to lead him out with an inarticulate groan, and with a look that at once was full of hatred and terror. The beadle shrugged his shoulders. "The old fellow's head never was good for much," he mumbled; "and what with the murder and his own imprisonment, it's all topsy-turvy now, — il a déménagé, pauvre bonhomme!" and the beadle tapped his forehead with his fat forefinger.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE year is dying in darkness and damps,  
That shroud and chill the face of day,  
The clinging fog-wreaths muffle the lamps,  
Till you scarce can see them over the way.

Darkness — as if hope's light in doubt  
And fear was dying far and wide :  
Damps — as if Nature was weeping out  
The sorrow that loads this Christmas-tide.

"Peace on Earth, and goodwill to men,"

So still ring out the Christmas chimes :

"Warfare on Earth, man's hate of men,"

So clangeth the tocsin of evil times.

At home or abroad, when the world we scan,

Or north, or south, by land or sea,

'Tis every man's hand against every man,

The Cyclone let loose and the Earthquake  
free.

Not for worship, but watch and ward,

In "merry" England we muster and meet,

From terror of fire our homes to guard,

Lest the mine be sprung at our children's  
feet :

The Nemesis of ill-deeds of old,

The curse that ever survives the wrong,

Are gathering round us, fold on fold,

With a sob and a shriek for their Christmas  
song.

Scared Authority stands aghast,

At sight of Anarchy's hideous face,

And sound of her shattering trumpet-blast, —

"Class against class, and race against race!"

Even our Gold and Labour fail,

In thousands on thousands of pauper-homes,

And fetid lazar-house, crowded gaol,

Throw a gloom on Capital's palace-domes.

Never was sorrier Christmas time,

Since Christ lay a babe in the oxen's pen ;

Ne'er was worse discord of Christmas chime ;

And the doings of Christian men.

Ne'er was it harder to feel the life

Christ lived on earth a living thing,

Peace more than war and love than strife,

And present Winter the nurse of Spring.

Is there a blessing in this bale

That deepens round the dying year ?

Shall Christ o'er Mammon yet prevail,

And love o'er hate, and joy o'er fear ?

Shall eyes be cleared God's ways to trace,

Love in his chastening own confest ?

His lessons to read, his laws to heed,

So rarely learnt, until transgress.

If strength in Christ's word still may be,

As we believe such strength abides,

The sin and sorrow that we see

Are seed of brighter Christmas-tides.

False trusts so sorely shaken now

Stronger foundations shall replace ;

Anarchy, Fraud and Force shall bow,

Law, Love and Truth reign in their place.

—Punch, Jan. 4.

From Saint Paul's.

## THE NEW MEMBER OF THE EUROPEAN FAMILY.

ALL the antecedents of Italy, the varied character and peculiarities of the different races which constitute her people, and the special circumstances of the struggle in which she has been and is still engaged in the effort to become a nation, combine to render the spectacle of the birth-throes attending this struggle one of the most interesting that a statesman or social philosopher could be invited to witness. And pages full of interest and instruction for both those classes of students might be written on the different phases of her internal condition, as she wins her way painfully through the numberless difficulties and dangers which encompass her early years. But there is one difficulty in her path which so effectually and fatally stops the way, and renders all onward progress, — struggle as she may, — impossible, that this question alone exclusively occupies all minds and energies within the peninsula. And this same knot has the unfortunate privilege of connecting considerations, which should be left to the sole arbitrament of the young nation herself, with the interests and feelings of all the other members of the European family. So that the attention of the world beyond the Alps is also concentrated almost wholly on this one point.

Till the "Roman question" is settled, or is in a fair way of settlement, no Italian man, — governor or governed, — can successfully apply his mind or his energies to any other subject; nor can any transalpine spectator of the Italian drama interest himself in any less all-important point of the action.

The following few pages, therefore, will be devoted entirely to an attempt to state, somewhat more succinctly than has yet perhaps been done, the present position of that question, the events and circumstances which have brought it into that position, and the probable prospects of its solution, so far as the very cloud-enveloped character of the future towards which it is advancing may render possible.

We have said that the arrangement of the Roman difficulty should be left to the sole arbitrament of Italy. And there is a numerous and active section of the Italian people which holds that such an assertion, unmodified in any way, does but state the absolute and inalienable right of the nation. But unhappily, the writer, — who would

look at matters as they really stand from no partisan point of view, — is constrained to add a rider to this proposition. He must say that the Roman question should be left to the sole arbitrament of Italy, if that question had any analogy with aught else which international rules of conduct ordinarily govern. Most unfortunately it has no such analogy. And probably all Italians, save the extreme party which has been referred to, would admit that the disastrous peculiarities of the Roman difficulty do constitute a necessity for acting in regard to it in concert with the other nations, or, at least, with a due amount of regard to their feelings and prejudices on the subject. Indeed, the ready acceptance on the part of the Italian Government of the French Emperor's proposals for a conference of the European states, to be assembled for the definitive settlement of the questions in debate between Italy and the Pope, is of course a full admission of this. And it may be assumed, probably, that now, in the position in which the attempt and failure of Garibaldi have placed the nation, not even the "party of action," with the exception of that small portion of it which hopes to find in the Roman difficulty a lever for overturning the monarchy, have much objection to the assemblage of such a conference.

The position at the present moment is a purely expectant one; and the next point in the game, for which everybody is waiting, is to see whether a conference can be assembled or not. M. Forcade, by no means, as we all know, much disposed to see the policy of the Emperor in too favourable a light, seems to think, as appears from the "*Chronique de la Quinzaine*," in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" for the 15th of November, that the invitation to Europe will be favourably received. We, having the advantage of writing a few weeks later, are still in much doubt on the subject. At this moment in which we write, it still seems improbable that the Conference should be assembled, but even yet the question is in doubt. Should it, however, meet, what power will it have of solving the difficulty? Is there any likelihood that the Papal Court will consent to be bound by the decisions of any such areopagitic body, be they ever so unanimous? And if Europe, as represented by the members of such a conference, were to proceed to arrange a status for the Pope, irrespective of his own voice in the matter, with the intention of carrying their decision into effect by force, — is that what France means or wishes? Would France consent to this? M. Forcade, indeed, in the writing

already referred to, evidently contemplates such an issue from the labours of the proposed conference. If, says he, it should be found impossible to establish the bases of an understanding between the Pope and the Italian Government, "the implied consequence of the failure of this vast diplomatic enterprise would be the disengagement of France from her responsibilities in the Roman question. France would cease to be the sole guarantee of the temporal power. She would no longer sustain alone a struggle against the nature of things." Such would doubtless be the view of the fitting policy of France held by the school of politicians to which M. Forcade belongs. Such would be the view which probably most Englishmen would hold as the wisest, best, and most useful. But is that the view which the Imperial Government would be likely to hold? It may be feared not. What is it to be presumed that the Emperor wishes in this matter? He has always been an enigmatic man. The Sibylline unclarity and tortuousness of his utterances have done much to confirm the world in its opinion of the profundity of his sagacity. We shall hardly be likely to get much out of any attempt to discover that very important factor in our calculations, — what the Emperor really wants, — by any examination of his official talk. But it may perhaps be possible to attain no inconsiderable degree of assurance on this subject from a consideration of his past acts, and of what, on the universal principles of human wishes, he must be disposed to desire. This path of inquiry into the riddles set before us by our nineteenth-century sphinx has frequently been tried. But in this matter of the Emperor's probable intentions and line of conduct as to the Roman question a very fundamental error, as it seems to us, has been allowed to vitiate the calculation.

It has been repeatedly said, by very various classes of inquirers, that surely the Emperor will not so manage the Roman question as to allow it to become the means of undoing his own work in Italy. M. Forcade, in his last "Chronique," reiterates the same argument. The Emperor, it is urged, has done so much to accomplish the unification of Italy that it cannot be supposed that he will now permit the Roman question to lead to the undoing, or to imminent risk of the undoing, of that work.

Now it really is very important that the value of this inference should be examined by the light of a few indisputable facts in the imperial conduct, which would seem to have been absolutely forgotten by the world,

so wholly are they ignored in the daily speculations which are rife on this subject. It is important that these facts should be borne in mind, not only for the purpose of forming a probable judgment as to the line of French policy with regard to the present phase of the Roman question, but for the sake also of the authenticity of the history of these troublous times of ours.

It is asserted, or assumed rather, that Napoleon III. has wittingly and intentionally used the power of France for the purpose of accomplishing Italian unification. Is this true?

It is true that the Emperor gave that assistance to Italy which alone, it may be fairly assumed, enabled her to throw off the Austrian yoke. He found Italy a congeries of small and very weak states, the rulers of which, all, save one, were under the immediate influence of Austria, and existed only by her patronage and protection. And Piedmont, which alone was not in this position, was in a condition of chronic hostility against Austria, with whose power the little sub-Alpine kingdom was wholly unable to cope. The Emperor found this condition of things in Italy; and he used the power of France to liberate Italy, — all but one corner, — from this influence, and this oppression.

Much has been said about the gratitude due from Italy to France on this score. This is not the place to write the pages, which much need to be written, on the extensive subject of international gratitude. But it may be remarked, obiter, that if the Emperor Napoleon used the power and the treasure of France in effecting this object pour les beaux yeux de l'Italie, then the widows and orphans and tax-payers of France would have a terrible accusation to bring against him for misusing the power intrusted to him for the benefit of France. We do not think that such an accusation against the Emperor would be well grounded. We have no idea that he led the power of France against Austria in Italy for love of Italy. We believe that he had in view the legitimate object of benefiting France, and through France himself, as far as his lights enabled him to see the means of doing so. We believe that it was his recognised purpose to substitute French influence for Austrian in the peninsula; — to have there a number of small states as before, but subjected to French instead of to Austrian authority. People repeat again and again the famous boasting promise that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, — a sonorous phrase, just as meaningless as the word

"free" is far from being a precise and intelligible definition of a scheme of social polity. But what it clearly could not mean is, that Italy should be one,—should form one nation, with one government, from the Alps to the Adriatic. Whatever the nature or amount of the "freedom" promised to her, there was no promise here of governmental unity. Was it to be expected that France or her ruler should wish to raise up a united nation of six-and-twenty millions on her frontier? Was it in accordance with the well-known traditional policy of France? was it in accordance with the sentiments of France, as manifested on the more recent occasion of the formation of another large nation on another frontier? So terrible did the formation of this Italian nation seem to the French mind, that as soon as it appeared probable that such would be the issue of the Emperor's action in the peninsula, bitter lamentations and violent attacks on his policy were heard in the French Senate, which was in those utterances the wholly faithful representative of the national heart. "What!" it was said, "raise up a nation of twenty-two,"—then twenty-two, while there was yet hope that Venice might be saved out of the consequences of the huge mistake,— "raise up a nation of twenty-two millions at our doors! What! create in pure wantonness a rival in the hegemony of the races of Latin stock, who may well one day become a most formidable one! What! abandon for ever the long-cherished hope and phrase that the Mediterranean was, or should be, a French lake! Could any French ruler in his senses inaugurate a policy big with such disastrous results?" The accusations of the French senators against their Emperor's prudence and foresight may have been just. They were unjust when directed against his intentions and purposes. And the mouthpiece who spoke for the Emperor to the nation was accordingly directed to assure the Senate that this unification of Italy had formed no part of the imperial policy; that, in fact, the Emperor had left no stone unturned to prevent it from accomplishing itself. Was that exculpatory assertion true? None but those who, from want of discrimination, are convinced that every statement made by Napoleon III. must needs be false, can doubt the exact truth of it. If Villafranca is forgotten or explained away, has Gaeta no memories? If the histories connected with those names do not speak with sufficient clearness, is not the record of Florence unmistakable and explicit enough?

When Ricasoli was at the head of the Provisional Government of Tuscany, when the union of that province with Piedmont and with the rest of Italy had not yet been decided on by the inhabitants, the Emperor despatched envoy after envoy,—M. Reiset, Prince Joseph Poniatowski, and lastly, his cousin the Prince Napoleon,—charged to use their utmost endeavours to induce Tuscany to vote for its own autonomy under a ruler of its own, instead of aggregating itself to the rest of Italy. Had Florence then listened to the voice of the charmer, there would have been an end to the hopes and the fears which waited on the formation of the new kingdom. And the temptation so to listen was at that time great at Florence. For it may be most truly asserted that there was hardly a Florentine, from the prince in his ancestral palazzo to the crossing-sweeper in the street, who did not then feel persuaded that the conversion of Tuscany into a province, and of Florence into a provincial town, would greatly injure his own individual interests. But Ricasoli was immovably firm, and the Tuscan people were patriotic; for the all but unanimous vote for the aggregation of Tuscany to the rest of Italy was the true and genuine expression of real unselfish patriotism. Had that patriotism not existed, the formation of a great Italian nation would have remained a dream, the fears of the French senators would have been appeased, and the policy of the Emperor would have been justified.

Surely, then, in the face of all these facts, nothing can be a greater mistake than to talk of the unification of Italy as a work which the Emperor accomplished, and which, therefore, it may be assumed that he would not willingly destroy. The unification of Italy was effected in despite of the Emperor Napoleon's wishes and efforts. And it is perfectly reasonable to suppose that the undoing of what was so effected would be exactly what he would wish.

But has his past conduct with regard to this Roman question been such as would seem to be in accordance with the existence of such a wish? Those who have taken note of the unceasing difficulties with which the successive Italian governments have had to struggle, best know how admirably well calculated is the maintenance of the temporal power to effect the object of pulling down the Italian throne and breaking up the nation once again into the fragments out of which it was constituted. No government can be otherwise than weak as long as that exhausting sore remains open.



The country is rendered ungovernable, restless, incapable of giving its energies to those reforms and improvements which are so urgently needed. The small but unceasingly active republican party is kept alive, their hands are strengthened, and their game is played by the continuance of a condition of things which gives ample scope for appeal to all revolutionary passions. But if the maintenance of the temporal power of the Papacy was thus powerfully tending to preserve a state of things which gave promise of bringing about, sooner or later, that disruption of Italy which we are assuming the French Emperor to desire, why did he at last consent to withdraw his troops from Rome? Because by so doing he made a yet worse and more dangerous position for the Italian Government, while gaining a certain amount of very much needed political capital for himself. In fact, the position made by the Convention of the 15th September for the Italian Government was so utterly false and mischievous a one that it was foreseen from the first that it would be absolutely untenable. The Italian ministry of that day would probably have done better had they refused to accept the Grecian gift proffered to them. But the temptation of getting rid of the presence of French soldiers at Rome at any price was too great to be resisted. How little has been gained to Italy from the concession obtained at so great a cost the recent events have shown. But the sagacity of the Emperor, — always on the theory which we are supporting, that what he mainly wishes with regard to Italy is, that it should be split up again into fragments, — has been in this matter at least justified. The last fruits of the September Convention have gone nearer towards very seriously risking such a catastrophe than is perhaps generally known.

It is very generally believed in Italy by the adversaries of the party of action, — the moderates, and government men of different shades, — that had Garibaldi succeeded in seizing Rome, he would not have done so for the profit of the present Italian Government and the present Italian monarch; — that he would not have repeated on this occasion the self-sacrificing, or in any case the loyal rôle which he performed at Naples; but would have made his success a stepping-stone to the raising of the republican flag in the south. And it may perhaps be assumed that Garibaldi does not now feel towards the monarchy of the house of Savoy quite as he did at the time of his former exploit. Nevertheless, we are not disposed to believe that

Garibaldi would have acted otherwise than as a loyal son of Italy as she is at present constituted. But we do believe that very serious danger would have existed, and that such a turn as has been indicated might have been given to any revolutionary success. This, it is true, would not have been exactly what it can be supposed that the Emperor would have wished. A revolutionary movement in Italy on a scale of any importance would, it can hardly be doubted, involve very serious danger to the Imperial Government in France. And it is a danger to which the Emperor has ever shown himself peculiarly sensitive. The "*proximus ardet Ucalegon*" is a cry to which Caesarism is rarely indifferent. The Emperor, therefore, did not wish or intend that Garibaldi should be allowed to achieve any success. But the necessity, in which his attempt would place the Italian Government, either to repress the movement by force of arms, or to look on while it was put down by French arms, — a dilemma of which either horn was about equally dangerous to the authority of the King's Government, — very satisfactorily played his game for him. And the final result of the September Convention is that the French troops are once again on Italian soil, while the King himself, and any possible government which it is open to the King to form, are in a very much worse position before the nation than they were before the Convention was signed.

So thoroughly and perfectly has this been felt to be the case, that the movement of the volunteers against Rome was very largely promoted and aided by the friends of the temporal power in Italy. Of course all such aid and complicity have been carefully concealed and loudly denied. But we have reason to feel very great confidence in the information we have received that such was the case to a very large extent. The "*papalini*," or Pope's friends, who are friends also, of course, to the other fallen dynasties of the peninsula, are in fact the only party in Italy who desire that the work which has made Italy a nation should be undone. The republicans, with the exception of a very small number of men, — quiet philosophers for the most part, who dream of a federation of republics after the fashion of Switzerland, — the republicans, though anxious to overthrow the throne, yet wish to maintain the unity of Italy. The union, therefore, of the "*red*" and "*black*" forces on this occasion has been a remarkable instance of the way in which men who differ *toto cœlo* as to their ultimate designs, will

yet suffer a common hatred to group them together under the same banner for a design not the ultimate one.

It is extremely probable that Garibaldi, if asked the question, would emphatically deny that he or his had received any aid or support from the "black" party in the peninsula. And if he were to make such denial, we for our parts should place the most implicit trust in the good faith of his assertion. But those who know Italy, and the way in which such matters are managed there, — and specially those who add to this knowledge a knowledge of the man Garibaldi, — would not be one whit the less disposed to believe that the fact has been as above stated. And it is the fact, as the Italian Government well know, that these underhand machinations of the "black party," — priest party, or retrograde party, by whatever name it may be called, — throughout Italy, as well as in Rome and in France, gave to the recent Garibaldian movement its most dangerous aspect, and still constitutes the gravest peril which Italy has to fear. For these men do unquestionably aim at the overthrow of the monarchy and the restoration of the old state of things in Italy. The republicans, or at all events the far greater number of them, including, as we firmly believe, Garibaldi himself, are in a great measure held in check by the fear that the fall of the monarchy might lead to the dismemberment of Italy. They would fain substitute a republic for the monarchy; but they would preserve, at all events, the unity of Italy. Their recent allies, "the blacks," are restrained by no such considerations.

But then, it may be asked, why should not the Emperor, if he also wishes the dismemberment of Italy, have permitted the work of Garibaldi and the black party to have gone on unmolested by him? Because he knows full well that, whatever assistance the retrogrades may have given to the movement party for their own ends, success, if it had been attained, would have been wholly to the profit of the "reds." The dismemberment, which he would fain see, could be reached not only through revolution, but by the prevalence of purely revolutionary ideas and principles. And this would of course by no means suit the imperial views. There is no chance of a dismemberment of Italy on "black" principles. The retrogrades in Italy are dangerous as a disturbing element; dangerous as assisting to bring about a condition of things which may form the pretext for French intervention; and most dangerous of all when they ally themselves with

other disturbing forces tending to wholly different issues. But it may be assumed, we think, as certain that they will never succeed in re-establishing their Pope-king in the provinces which he has already lost.

But they are fanatics; and there is nothing surprising, therefore, in their entertaining any amount of delusive hope and expectation. But is the Emperor a fanatic? Whatever else he may be imagined to be by the different theorists as to his character and conduct, it will hardly be supposed that Napoleon III. is a religious fanatic. It is true that the Italians, in speculating on the line of conduct which he has held, and may be expected to hold, never forget, as an element in their calculations, that he has a wife who is supposed to be a fanatic. But whether or no the necessity for pleasing her may enter into the motives of his conduct as regards the Roman question, it is certain that the necessity of pleasing, or at least of not outraging, the convictions and prejudices of a large and extremely powerful section of his subjects, has a foremost place among the considerations by which his policy must be supposed to be guided. For the "black" party, — the priest, conservative, ultramontane, anti-1792 party, — is very much stronger in France than in Italy. And as regards Italian affairs, its sentiments and opinions are animated not only by all those considerations in which the retrogrades in Italy would perfectly sympathise, but also by the bitter jealousy and hostility against Italian nationality on the grounds which have been pointed out above. Even if it should be clear to the Emperor that there is now no longer any hope of dismembering Italy into a number of small states in each of which French influence should be supreme, it is still absolutely necessary for the Emperor to avoid altogether alienating this section of his people, — necessary more than ever at a moment when he has succeeded in alienating so many other classes of his subjects. On the other hand, he has insured the bitter and abiding hatred of the Italian people, and he has run a risk of lighting up the flames of revolution in Italy. The latter danger has, perhaps, seemed to him to be balanced by the advantage it would offer him in affording an opportunity for interfering to extinguish them.

But there was quite enough in the situation to make it probable, — as is believed in Italy, and as the Emperor's more than ever darkly oracular sayings to Signor Nigra would seem to indicate, — that Napoleon hesitated as to the course he should pursue in the face of Garibaldi's raid into the Pon-

tifical territory. And in estimating the conduct of Ratazzi, attacked as it has been with all that acrimony and violence which unhappily characterise Italian political differences, it should be remembered that such hesitation on the part of the Emperor would be a very strong reason, if not altogether a justification, for hesitation on the part of the Italian Government. There seems to be no doubt that all parties in Italy, the King, Signor Ratazzi, and the other ministers, the people and the Garibaldians, all had been led into the notion that they would be permitted to play the same game over again which they were allowed to play when Italy succeeded in getting possession of Emilia, the march of Ancona and Umbria; that when the deed was done, — when the Pope should have been dethroned, and Rome with its territory in the possession of Italian troops, — the Emperor would have said, "God bless me! who would have thought it? Well, now it is a 'fait accompli,' and cannot be helped!" But very suddenly the conviction was brought home to the Italian King and his ministers, that no such game was to be permitted, — that the Emperor was in right earnest determined to put down the attempt of Garibaldi by armed force, — and that unless they, — the King and the Government, — very quickly and decidedly made it manifest to all men that they had neither act nor part in the Garibaldian enterprise, but were, on the contrary, thoroughly minded to control and suppress it, they, — the Italian King and Government, — would be treated in the manner in which it had become necessary to treat Garibaldi. Thereupon it behoved them, the King and the Government, to turn about with the most painful and humiliating suddenness. Signor Ratazzi went out of office, — a happy resource in trouble which is denied to captains of sinking ships, and to kings. The King had to remain and bear the brunt of all the obloquy to which the circumstances so unavoidably exposed him. Every shadow of the popularity which once encircled him has departed from him. It would be difficult to find in history a more vilipended monarch than the once adored *re galantuomo*! There is no sort of vile treachery of which he is not accused. If it were of any use, or indeed in any way fitting, to fill pages with the most detailed and positive accounts of the King's treason to the national cause, but which nevertheless rest only on the unproved assertions of persons more or less worthy of credit, it would be easy to do so. But the accusations which are brought against the King for the conduct which he certainly did

pursue limit themselves to this, — that he suddenly changed his course, that he executed a volte face at the imperious bidding of the Emperor. What else could he do? Fight France, and die in leading a charge against the French bayonets, say the red party, and many others, who have never belonged to that party. Yes! That is not so very difficult a thing to do, not so difficult perhaps as to occupy the position, with all its accompaniments, which Victor Emmanuel is now occupying! Garibaldi was abundantly ready to fight France, and to die leading his men up to the French Chassepots. But even Garibaldi had to take some account of the lives which would have been sacrificed with his own, when it became clear even to him that the sacrifice would be of no avail. And Garibaldi has for his reward the reproach of "mar-plot" thrown in his teeth by nearly all Europe. And a king has other considerations to think of besides those of which even a guerilla chief has to take count.

Seriously, was it the duty of the King to rush into a war with France, rather than submit to occupy the hideously painful position which circumstances and the French Emperor have made for him? We cannot think that any of those who have ever taken a share in the bearing of the responsibilities of directing the course and conduct of a nation will answer in the affirmative.

One thing, however, seems at least to be clear. If King Victor Emmanuel has any of the ordinary feelings of an honourable man, — if he be not utterly lost to every sentiment of the kind which makes an honoured name dear to a man, and the reverse intolerable, he must hate the Emperor of the French with a bitterness that only can be felt against the man who has robbed one of all that is dearest and best in life.

There is one portion of the King's conduct of which it is desirable to say a word before quitting this part of the subject, — a portion of his conduct which, according to our insular notions, would simply deserve the loss of his head; but for which, even in the midst of the storm of abuse which has been directed against him, nobody in Italy thinks of blaming him. He carried on negotiations with the Emperor "out of his own head," as the school-boy says, without the intervention or co-operation of any minister. One would imagine that the result of his operations in this line must have convinced him by this time of the superior advantages of the constitutional method, if kings were capable of conversion or conviction upon

that point. But it is at all events a very discouraging symptom of the constitutional capabilities of the Italians, that these considerations should suggest themselves to no Italian.

As for Ratazzi, he was most unquestionably guilty of the vacillation of which his countrymen so loudly accuse him. He arrested and imprisoned Garibaldi, — in the prison of his own island home; — and he let him escape, a first and second time; he allowed him to come to Florence, and address the people publicly in a conspicuous locality of the city; and he allowed him to depart on his way to lead the volunteers against Rome by a special train, openly commanded for his service. There is reason, too, to believe that he also secretly assisted him with public money; — playing over again the game he had seen so successfully played by the master hand of Cavour. But the game was played. And all went wrong. The vacillations of the Emperor, if it is true, as seems probable, that he did vacillate, do certainly go far to excuse those of the Italian minister, who had to play his game in subordination to the momentarily shifting expressions of the imperial countenance. But there does seem some reason to think that a larger infusion of audacity into the Italian minister's play might have won the game. Had Garibaldi been counselled, on getting away from Caprera, to make straight for Rome, instead of perpetrating the useless and compromising folly of coming to make speeches at Florence; and had Ratazzi, taking advantage of the excuse afforded him by Garibaldi's evasion, instantly proceeded to occupy Civita Vecchia with a strong force before the French transports had left Hyères, would the Emperor then have risked a collision between the Italian troops and his own? Would he have sent his transport ships to Civita Vecchia at all? Many of those best qualified to form an opinion in Italy think that he would not have ventured to do so. And we are disposed to agree with them in their mode of thinking. It must not be forgotten, however, that it has been very loudly asserted, and is believed by many people in Italy, that the merit or demerit of having declined to commit Italy to a struggle with France, when it became certain that only by engaging in such a struggle, and coming out from it successfully, could the national aspirations for the possession of Rome be gratified, is due to the King. It is needless to say that those who maintain that this was the case do not deem it other than a crushing and indelible disgrace that the King should have so acted.

It is asserted that Ratazzi would have embarked in such a struggle, and was prevented from doing so only by the refusal of the King. It will probably be known with some degree of certainty, ere long, whether this was the case or not. If it be true that the minister went out upon this issue, it is still open to the King to say, "The minister who accepted the responsibility of carrying on the government in accordance with my view of the necessities of the case was a soldier, and one of experience and high reputation. The minister who differed from me, and who would have committed the nation to a war, was a civilian wholly incompetent to estimate the probabilities of the issue of the course he recommended." And though the aristocratic and anti-progressive characteristics of General Menabrea's antecedents, and his consequent unpopularity, will avail to prevent any such argument from sufficing to diminish the load of odium which now rests on Victor Emmanuel, it may be addressed, perhaps, to the tribunal of European public opinion with better effect. For General Menabrea is not only notoriously a soldier well skilled in the art he professes, but also an upright and honourable man.

But the game has been played and lost! There is but little comfort in talking of what might have been done. What was performed was a wretched farce, with a finale of very sad tragedy. But it is at least something to know that those poor Garibaldian boys, hungry, ill clothed, and worse armed, did fight well and bravely for the cause they went from their homes to support, being induced thereto really and solely by their love for their country and great desire to obtain what they deemed to be necessary to its welfare. Let what will be said to the contrary, our readers may be assured that this is true. Garibaldi's volunteers fought with desperate bravery against disadvantages which more practised soldiers would have known must render all fighting hopeless. Does not the bag which General de Failly was able to make by the aid of the Chassepot rifle show as much? Six hundred Garibaldians slain, with wounded in proportion! Really a most gratifying report. And with the loss of ONLY TWO of our own men! Well may the successful general say, in the honest exultation of his heart in the hour of victory, "Our Chassepot rifles have done wonders!" Wonders indeed! But General de Failly has in his own person performed a wonder greater still, which he is, it may well be believed, the first who has ever achieved.

He has sent home to France a report of the success of French arms of which Frenchmen are ashamed. Well may M. Foreade say, with reference to the publication of this report, so glorious for the French arms, that "the editing of the 'Moniteur' is conducted either with little good taste or with great negligence."

But this episode of the Roman question is now over. It will not be soon forgotten. But it is over. Garibaldi is at Varignano, "very silent and sad;" and Florentine sympathisers are striving to provide, no longer powder and rifles, but lint, splints, and plasters. The curtain may be considered to have definitely dropped on that act of the drama; and a new and different set of actors are to appear on the scene. We have already stated our opinion, in contradiction to so valuable a one as that of M. Foreade, that these actors will be few. And every day that passes seems to render it more improbable that the statesmen of Europe will assemble at the invitation of the Emperor. The official prints in France, making the best of a sufficiently bad matter, proclaim exultingly that as yet there have been no refusals. But there seems reason to doubt whether even this is strictly true. And it does not appear, from the reply of Count Bismarck, that Prussia, — perhaps, under the circumstances, the most important member of the proposed conference, — is at all more well-disposed than might have been expected to lend a gratuitous hand to help the French Emperor out of his trouble.

What is the prospect, then, before us? The probability is, that France and Italy, — that is, the constituted governments of those two nations, — will be left to find the "solution" of the question between them. It is the business of diplomatists to find "solutions." And they are supposed to be constantly doing it. But it is curious to consider how very rarely diplomatic labours have been able to "solve" any great question affecting the march of the world; — how very rarely any such question has been capable of solution by such means. Questions of this nature have to be left to be solved by other less immediate and less apparent forces. And we may be allowed, perhaps, to draw whatever of consolation the disastrous nature of the present circumstances is capable of affording from the consideration that in this respect this miserable Roman question much resembles the other questions which have vexed humanity in its march onwards. The Roman question will be effectually solved by the irre-

sistible force of time and the onward rolling of human affairs. *Solvitur ambulando* may in this matter also be confidently answered to all curious inquirers into the future. The end of the Pope's course will be reached, and that at no very distant day, simply by allowing him to proceed on it. But, in the mean time, it is necessary that diplomacy should do its work, and at least attempt to apply to the course of events whatever of controlling direction it may be in its power to contribute. Of what nature are their efforts in this sort likely to be? It is rumoured, indeed, that notwithstanding the talk about a conference, the Italian and French Governments have already come to some degree of understanding as to the course they mean to pursue in this matter. And one patent fact has already emerged out of the ocean of rumours, suppositions, and speculations which would seem to have a bearing on the nature of the "solution" which these governments are said to be preparing for us.

The Italian Government is rapidly calling out soldiery.

In the face of financial embarrassments of the gravest and most urgent character, the new ministers of Victor Emmanuel are largely increasing the active force of the Italian army. Is this alarmingly ominous phenomenon really symptomatic of the nature of the arrangement to be proposed to Italy to be made between her and the Pope? But what else can be supposed? For what purpose can it be necessary thus to plunge Italy yet deeper in the slough of debt and ruin, if it be not to strengthen the hands of the Government against its own people? With what other foe does Italy propose to go to war? To what purpose are these troops destined? For what other imaginable object can this be done than that of quelling all possible resistance on the part of the nation when the terms on which it is proposed to settle the relations of Italy and the Pope shall be made known, and shall be found to be such as will be intolerable to the Italian people?

There are still worse rumours in the air, — mere whispers as yet; but they are whispered by those whose whisperings best deserve to be listened to. We all remember the much talk of a secret article appended to the Convention of the 15th of September. It is said that this article has a real existence, and has reference to a further cession of territory by Italy to France. It is said that the time has now come when the agreement embodied in this article is to be openly declared and acted upon. It



is said that the contemplated cession would give to France a very large slice of the ancient kingdom of Piedmont, together with several of the most important, and, in a military point of view, invaluable passes of the Alps.

If in reality there exist any intention of acting upon the provisions of any such article or agreement, then assuredly General Menabrea is acting prudently in providing himself beforehand with an amount of brute force sufficient to crush the nation he has been called to rule. But despite the difficulty of supposing such persons as are convinced of the truth of these intentions to be in error, we do not believe that King Victor Emmanuel and his ministers contemplate any measure of the kind. We find it difficult to believe that the Emperor Napoleon would, at the present juncture, venture on so flagitious an act of high-handed, lawless wrong-doing. We are well aware of the infinite importance to him of finding some sop or other to soothe the discontent and wounded vanity of his subjects. We know how vitally essential to his own position and safety it is that some such offering should be provided. We are perfectly well aware that nothing could be more grateful to the French nation in general, and especially to those classes of it which it is most important to him to conciliate, than such a spoliation of the kingdom of Italy, and such an acquisition by that of France. But, for all that, we do not think that the Emperor would venture on running the risk, — the twofold risk, — of throwing Italy into the arms of Prussia on the one hand, or of lighting up a flame of revolution and anarchic violence from the foot of the Alps to the Sicilian Sea on the other. It seems to us impossible that the consequences of such an attempt should be other than these; and equally impossible that the Emperor should not know as much perfectly well. As to the Italian parties to such a scheme, surely no depth of dishonour and infamy would be deep enough for such treason and pusillanimity combined. As for King Victor Emmanuel, we have said that, whatever his faults may be, we do not hold it to have been proved that he has ever forfeited the character of a sovereign loyal to his country. Of General Menabrea we have said that he has always borne the character of an upright, honourable man. How can we conceive it possible that either of these men would lend themselves to the perpetration of a deed which would cover their names with such a storm of odium, obloquy, and infamy as has rarely overwhelmed either

king or minister? Of course it is not in the legal power of any king or any ministers to bargain away a portion of the kingdom they are called to govern by a secret article in such hugger-mugger fashion. Of course all that the government of the King could undertake, by any such treaty or article, to do, would be to submit the propositions to the consideration of parliament. And of course there would not be the remotest chance of causing any such measure to pass any conceivable Italian Chamber of Deputies. But if it had been determined to commit the crime in question, recourse would necessarily be had to a suspension of parliamentary action, after the Chambers had been cajoled, as before has been done, into the suicidal granting of "full powers" to the ministry of the day. But the game would be too dangerous a one; and we repeat that, in a word, this suspicion seems to us incredible.

But the remaining hypothesis that the Italian Government is providing itself with troops for the coercion of the nation, because it is conscious that the terms to be announced as constituting the basis on which the Italian nation and the Pope are to stand towards each other for the future will be extremely unwelcome to the people, — this hypothesis does not unhappily seem to us to be so improbable. In fact, no conceivable terms to which there would be the remotest chance of inducing the Papal Court, or even the French Emperor, to accede, would be otherwise than grievously unpalatable to Italy. And though it is exceedingly lamentable that a nation which has aspired to the high dignity and advantage of self-government should be placed by the violence of its popular prejudices and passions under the necessity of submitting to the restraint of force, instead of to that of reason, it must be admitted that the Italians are somewhat less than reasonable in the demands they make on their Government with reference to the Papacy. The only "arrangement" which it would be agreeable to Italy to make with the Pontiff would be that he should arrange to make away with himself. They desire the abolition of the Papacy on many grounds, which are in the highest degree rational, and in which all those well-wishers to humanity, who best know what the Papacy is, especially in its own home, would and do cordially agree with them. But they also desire it on other grounds which are not reasonable. And it cannot be denied that the latter are the class of motives which most potently excite the national mind, which have conducted

the volunteers to Rome, and which make Italy all but ungovernable as long as the popular excitement upon the subject shall last.

They are most impatiently desirous that the Pope should be pulled down from his place because they want to get into it. It may be confidently asserted, we are afraid, that the strongest and most active motive which is urging the Italians towards Rome is not the conviction that the Papal Court is an engine of horrible oppression to its own subjects, and a very mischievously bad neighbour to their own civil administration, nor merely the wish to complete the national unity by abolishing the distinctions which separate the bit of ground under priestly rule from the surrounding provinces, but the longing desire to make Rome the capital of Italy. It is not quite easy to make those who have not an intimate acquaintance with Italian people and with Italian history understand the violence, the nature, and the meaning of this strong desire. We all feel the poetry and the magic of the *magni nominis umbra*, — Eternal Rome. We can appreciate and sympathise with the feelings called into play by the mighty associations and memories which that name evokes. We can understand the poetical side of the question, and the notion engendered by it in the hearts of an emotional and unpractical people, that to make Italy again occupy the place she once held among the nations, it needs but that she should once again have her national existence in the spot whence decrees have been for so many centuries issued *orbi et urbi*. But this is only one, and that the least prominent and powerful, of the feelings that make the Italians intensely anxious to have Rome for their capital. It is unhappily the recrudescence and outcropping of the old internecine mediæval jealousies between one municipality and its neighbours and rivals. Turin cannot endure that Florence should be promoted to the high rank of capital, while itself is reduced to the position of a provincial city. Naples will not tolerate the superiority of any community of which it has always not unreasonably considered itself at least the equal. The "I am as good as you" feeling is equally strong in many another fair and once sovereign city. Even the scores of municipalities of the second class will not willingly see Florence, formerly their rival, — and in the case of many of them an upstart rival, once looked down on by them from the height of their own earlier secured power, — thus promoted over their heads. And this is in reality the sentiment which

gives its chief intensity to the cry of "Rome for the capital of Italy!" All these ancient rivals and enemies would bow to the majesty of that name, — all the more readily that it is but a name.

That the magic abiding in that mighty name is in truth the only title which Rome will have to become the capital of Italy, — that very many practical considerations of the gravest nature go to show that it is specially ill adapted for any such destiny, — that Florence, on the other hand, is pointed out by every practical consideration of position, whether regarded from an administrative or strategical point of view, of satisfactory sanitary conditions, of intellectual culture, of traditional character, and of special local convenience, as the most eminently fitted to be the definitive capital of Italy, cannot now be insisted on at length, for the space at our command has been already exhausted, and the argument is a long one. We will abstain, therefore, from touching it any further than to mention the very pregnant fact that is within our knowledge that it was the opinion of Cavour that Florence ought eventually to become the Italian capital.

But from the reasons which have been thus briefly referred to, this question of the capital has the effect of exasperating and exacerbating Italian minds on the subject of the arrangement to be made with Rome, to a degree which may furnish quite a sufficient explanation of the necessity felt by the present ministry for providing an adequate amount of force to put down any overt resistance to intentions, in respect to the Papal question, which they may be conscious will be likely to excite popular discontent. If these intentions, be they what they may, are to be, as we must hope and suppose, duly ratified by parliament, it is not otherwise than right that sufficient force should be at hand to support the law. Let us hope, — as we do for our own parts fully hope and believe, — that the present armament, most deplorable as it is in any case in a financial point of view, may have no other object. We hold it to be a chimerical hope that the Papacy can be altogether overthrown just yet. The human race must wait for this, one of its best hopes, yet a little longer. The time will come. It is admitted on all hands that Rome cannot become Victor Emmanuel's capital while the Pope, even though he were shorn of his temporal power, makes that city the spiritual capital of the Catholic world. And if the arrangement now to be made with the Papal Court be, as it can hardly be doubted that it will and must be, of a kind to preserve such an

amount of dignity, and at least of sovereign seeming, to the Pontiff as will render it impossible for Rome to be made the civil capital of Italy, some consolation may be found, if not for Italy herself in the first moments of her disappointment, at least for the more coolly-judging well-wishers to Italy, in the resulting fact that she will thus be forced into maintaining a far more desirable capital.

From The New Monthly Magazine.

#### SKETCHES OF LIFE IN PARIS.\*

"PARIS," says Louis Bamberger, one of the select contributors who have added their mite to the portentous tome before us—an emanation of the great Exposition, and as fat and gaudy as an *épicer* mounting guard—"is an immense crucible, in which the whole universe has been cooked for, for the past century." And then he adds, which is not so agreeably suggestive, "All the world knows what has come out of it. No one knows what has gone in." "The French are first-class Europeans," writes Gustave Frédéric, who takes an anthropological view of the subject, "and the Parisians are the elect of the first class. Not only have they the advantage of dwelling in an immense, brilliant, joyous city, but they also constitute the staff of the civilized and intelligent people of the world." "Paris," says Edmond Têxier, "is the city of contrasts—heaven and hell, hotels and cellars; the city of great existences and of petty industries. If there is a person in Europe pre-eminent by his fortune, it is at Paris that he hastens to spend what he has accumulated elsewhere. Austria, Russia, Italy, even America, send every year their princes and their financiers. Seen from afar, Paris exercises such a fascination upon the mind, that it seems as if it were only there that one can live. A great German lord said to me: 'A principality or an apartment on the boulevard; there is no choice between the two.'"

"The pulse of Paris," says Paul Féval, who has the honour of opening the physiological portion of the subject, "beats one hundred and twenty in a minute, chronometer in hand; anywhere else it would be a horse fever. Paris, nevertheless, is in

perfect health." People live there in miraculous haste, and yet they live a long time. Not but that there are miasmas and pernicious things in Paris; there are such in all vast agglomerations of human beings, where many are to be found who gain their daily bread by evil ways; but such emanations are cleared away by the breath of a million of citizens and a million of visitors, who breathe in purity, for they take care of themselves in the first place, and think of their neighbours—when they have the time. "Paris is enormous; infamy itself is swallowed up when the great-drum of life begins to beat around them: if these infamies have added a pulsation the more, on any given day, it is because they have been in the height of fashion. Paris, in such a case, casts a handful of bank-notes at them, as it did at Thérèse, who amused her, and at the Brothers Davenport, who wearied her, and then she continues her way laughing or gaping."

Paris is a good fellow, rather bourgeois, with pretensions to art. Yet he does not always insist upon having first-rate articles, if the inferior are only sufficiently advertised. Isambart placards Pointoise, at ten sous the quart, as superior to Lafitte at ten francs, but only to be obtained at Isambart's. Paris buys the Pointoise and laughs lustily. The wine is execrable; Paris admits the fact, and laughs all the more. There is only Isambart who laughs as heartily as Paris. Isambart loves Paris, and Paris loves Isambart. They tap one another on the shoulder; both are alike intelligent after their own fashion, but it must be admitted that Isambart's intelligence is after another fashion than that of the economical consumers of his wretched "piquette." Two-thirds of the Parisians come from the provinces. Paul is Marsellais, Virginie is Normande. They dwell in a garret of one of the few old houses still remaining in the neighbourhood of the Panthéon. Virginie stitches braces, which give her dry bread to eat; Paul writes verses, which permit him to die of hunger. They are both young, and love one another—when they have the time. One day Paul meets Isambart coming from paying a visit to his Virginie. "You shall have fifteen sous a day to carry my Pontoise," says the director of all the Alhambras, to soften down matters, "and Virginie shall have the same to fold up my prospectuses." Happy Paul and happy Virginie of modern times! The first touch of the great magician's wand has come, the second follows quickly. Virginie has supped at Philippe's with an artist

\* Paris Guide. Par les Principaux Ecrivains et Artistes de la France. Deuxième Partie. La Vie. Paris: A. Lacroix.

of the Théâtre des Amabilités. Another career is opened to her. In less than three months Paul meets her in a basket-carriage, and she presents him with a free admission to her Alcazar. She is the daughter of Isambart. Isambart has one thousand two hundred daughters! Paul seeks for consolation in the poetry of the advertisement. He begins with a romance, and bankrupts; he tries an honest calling, and bankrupts again. He invents a lozenge, and makes his fortune. He has a hotel, a cook, and an actress. Paris is at his feet. Great people shake hands with him. The drummer-boy calls out the guard when he goes by. Virginie, in the meantime, refuses a duke, and runs away with a young sweep, who ruins her. The moonbeams play through the uncovered beams of an old house doomed to come down. The rats about to emigrate regret the home of their ancestors, and speak ill of M. Haussmann; two lanterns are moving about among the débris, borne by a man in rags and a woman in tatters — a chiffonnier and a chiffonnière. The lanterns meet. "Paul!" exclaims the one, "Virginie!" the other. If one has a penny, he or she treats the other to the philosophic "petit verre." Such, according to Paul Féval, is the physiology of modern Paris! The conclusion is not, however, always so melancholy. Paul has been known to take Virginie in as a scullery-girl, and Virginie has been known to set up Paul as her porter. It is but fair to say that the sketch was written before the "bourgeois de Paris," whom Charles Yriarte numbers among his types of the great city, had been called to his last account. Alas! inimitable doctor, how we have laughed over the fable of your protégée Rachel's bad knee, which compelled so ruinous an absence from the boards, and at the "menus" of the good Sophie, who tended your old days with spiced hot claret-cup!

Edmond About moralises for once in his life over the ruins of old Paris. The sketch of the locksmith, who never took a glass of wine except in company with his wife; of the family brought up in that now tumble-down garret upon three or four francs a day; of three sons and two daughters all brought up at a free school, the girls well married, the boys well-to-do citizens, one supporting the widowed old mother, who, with the father, toiled so long and so cheerfully for their well-being, and who together founded a whole "souche de bourgeois," a dynasty of citizens, is a truly pleasant sketch, a gleam of sunshine amidst Haussmann's demolitions, which constitutes a

great relief to the moonbeam that disclosed Paul and Virginia with their frightful hooks and baskets.

Madame Emmeline Raymond depicts the Parisienne. What remains for us to say upon so delicate a theme after reading that the women of Paris have realised the dream so unsuccessfully pursued by all conquerors? — that they have subjected the whole world to their most fanciful caprices; that they hold more than life in their hands — that is to say, the beauty of all the women of the globe; that their decrees are waited for to dare to be beautiful, and that all are obliged to submit, even when they command to be ugly! Preferences and repugnances, initiative, personal appreciation, everything is abdicated, everything effaced, everything disappears, before the absolute sovereignty claimed by "la Parisienne." We have really nothing to do or to say, but to bow beneath the yoke — emancipation lies with the other sex.

The types of Paris, according to Ch. Yriarte, are beginning to disappear with straight streets. Long, wide, cold streets, like the Rue de Rivoli, exclude the picturesque and the curious. Dentists, quacks, musicians, gymnasts — all that class of persons who sought the open air for the exhibition of their talents or nostrums — are now tabooed. The past generation had its Place Louis XV., and La Belle Madeleine, Frascati and the Cent-treize, the Galeries de Bois and Chodruc-Duclos, the Descent de la Courtille, and l'Île d'Amour. The only place where the Parisian dances (for Mabilie is fictitious) is now the Closerie des Lilas, at the Luxembourg. The Bois de Boulogne of past days has been transformed into an English park, watered by the Prefecture. Longchamp is a lake frequented by ladies of anything but savage manners, and by melancholy swans. People dine at the Moulin Rouge in the shade of oleanders in boxes, supposed to represent nature. The Café de Paris, the Bains Chinois, the Hotel d'Osmond, the Galette du Gymnase, the Jardin Turc, the Hôtel Rougemont, and the Boulevard du Crime, are all gone, or have given way to monster hotels, to barracks of marble, and to gardens and squares decorated with plants with hard names, which do not prevent bonnes and tourlouroux understanding one another perfectly.

The boulevards are invaded by tall and angular English ladies, yellow Havannese, brown Spaniards, pale Italians, sentimental but dumpy Germans, wealthy but debauched Russians, and Americans with long pointed beards and revolvers in their pockets.

Take a seat at the Alcazar, dine at the Café Anglais, or sup at the Maison d'Or, and it is the same thing—nothing but strangers! The Parisian humbles himself in the presence of so much luxury. He sticks to the wall, and abdicates in favour of Cairo, Constantinople, Bombay, Havannah, Madrid, St. Petersburg, and Rio de Janeiro. Kasangian, the Armenian, who succeeded Chodruc-Duclos as the man of mystery of the day, is gone to his fathers. The Halles are replaced by a palace of iron and glass, or, as the French will have it, of crystal. There is still le Persan, with an English groom, an English coachman, and an English porter. For twenty years he has never missed an opera night, yet no one knows who he is. Méry declared him to be Abbas Mirza, but as he never takes off his black Astracan, it is not known if he is old enough. There is also the man without a hat, otherwise a well-dressed personage, with nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the world. There is also Isabelle, la bouquetière, who, when not at Baden or Chantilly, is to be seen in the hall of the Jockey Club, or at the foyer of the Opéra. There have been many counterfeit Isabelles, some from the Black Forest and others from the Closerie des Lilas, but they have soon been detected. The real Isabelle waits in her little jacket of Pompadour velvet for the day when she shall have her "huit ressorts," a vehicle with eight springs being the Parisian ideal of sublimity wealth and luxury.

The types of the grand-monde are gone with the others. Seymour and D'Orsay no longer set the fashion. Hope, who was so fond of violets; Delessert, with his blue coat; Major Fraser, with his little black steed; Dr. Véron and his cook—all are gone; the sceptre of the world has passed from the Parisian. An Englishman rules on the turf, a Russian creates the ballet, Offenbach adapts quadrilles, Strauss conducts the orchestras. Rothschild lends money, Hottinguer discounts bills, whilst the Parisians, swamped in the flood of strangers, are so seldom seen, that Baron Haussmann seeks for them in vain.

All this may appear very extravagant, but it is not so. The regular population of Paris consists of 1,295,258 provincials, and of only 733,473 Parisians, 34,273 Germans, 33,088 Belgians, 10,687 Swiss, 9,106 English, 7,908 Italians, 6,254 Dutch, 4,400 Americans, 4,294 Poles, 1,356 Russians, and so on in smaller proportions, until a grand total of 2,150,916 is arrived at. According to this census, the Parisians only constitute a frac-

tion more than one-third of the population of their own city.

The Germans, according to Louis Bamberger, who has the treatment of this special theme, are chiefly Hessians, and their main business is that of scavengers. They live in colonies, have their own pastors, churches, and schools, their hospital and Turnverein, no end of Deutsche hoefen, a charitable institution, and musical meetings. The Café du Grand Balcon is their most aristocratic rendezvous, and the quantity of Bavarian and other German beers exported for their consumption is annually acquiring colossal proportions.

But there are Germans, also, who constitute, and have long constituted, the élite of the population of Paris. Had it not been for Meyerbeer, it is well known that the opera would have died a national death. And as to Giacomo, he was claimed as French, just as were Charlemagne, the Maréchal de Saxe, and Napoleon the Great. The Parisian of to-day is just as much indebted to Offenbach. Liebreich is what is called "une des sommités médicales de Paris." Meyer and Weckher are among the most learned ophthalmologists. As to philologists, the Germans are also in advance of the French. Dietz is the first authority in matters of Provençal poetry, whilst Mohl, Oppert, Bréal, Munk, and Derenburg are among the chief Orientalists. Not only do they shine in literature and science, but what is more, they are in the present day the leading financiers. But, above all things, the poorer Germans are moral. The Kellners are sought after everywhere for their fidelity, honesty, and sobriety, and the German institution of St. Joseph is the only one in Paris where respectable female servants are to be obtained.

The Belgians are, like many of the Germans, addicted to industrial pursuits. They rival the latter as tailors. They also take first rank among artists and musicians. There is nothing superficial French political writers are so fond of repeating as that the Belgians are French. But Bomberg, who writes the article on "la Colonie Belge," says that, whilst most strangers are absorbed after a few years' residence, adopt Paris as their country, and only preserve the most marked features of their original character, the Belgians preserve all their individuality. Notwithstanding so many points of analogy and approximation with all that surrounds them, they neither allow themselves to be absorbed or assimilated, and they remain Belgians at the end of twenty years, just as



much as the first day, with their national character and instincts undefled.

After the Germans, the Swiss are, however, the most numerous strangers in Paris. They stand high in the financial world. It is sufficient to mention the bankers Hottinguer, Mallet, Marcuard, Heutsch, Verrier, Mussard, and Zellweger, to attest the fact. They also occupy a high position among the industrialists; witness, Sieber, Regent of the Bank of France, Dubochet, and others.

John Lemoine has written a fair and judicious article upon the English in Paris. He remarks, truly enough, that the English could not live under laws such as in France prescribe the right to speak or write, to pray or meet together, or to go and come; but, again, a Frenchman would be stifled under the conventional forms which tyrannise over English society. The tyranny of conventionalism in England is, he declares with truth, far more onerous than any political or administrative tyrannies abroad. Hence, also, the moment the English get to Paris they throw off conventionalities with their black coats. They go to the Opéra in a plaid, dance with extravagant gestures, eat and drink (even to the ladies) enormously, no longer keep the Sabbath, and, what is more, treat Paris in every respect as if it were a conquered country. Since the invasion of the Americans, English eccentricities are, however, more tolerated in Paris than they used to be; but we are still denounced as "the most prejudiced and national of all foreigners." "English," says M. Lemoine, "do not associate with one another like other strangers; they do not need the countenance of any one; every Englishman is himself England; his spirit of nationality is fatiguing and offensive."

Italy, on its part, also sends its "precious martyrs" of legitimacy, its musicians, its workmen in marble and plaster, its cooks, its merchants, financiers, learned men, and dilettanti, to swell the Parisian crowd. The Italian fuses more readily into the Parisian than the native of any other country. Isabelle would tell you that the historical aristocracy of Paris frequents the "Cercle de l'Union" and the "Cercle Agricole;" the nobility of the empire, the "Jockey Club" and the "Cercle Impérial;" financiers, the "Chemins de Fer;" the youth of the day, the "Baby" and the "Sporting;" veteran soldiers play whist "aux Ganaches;" gamblers go "aux Américains;" sportsmen, to "Saint Hubert;" notaries and stockbrokers, to the "Cercle des Arts." But the Bourbonian emigration has

its "head centre" at the Café du Congrès, Boulevard des Capucins, and at the "Café Napolitain," on the Boulevard des Italiens.

The American colonisation of Paris is a modern thing. It had a two-fold origin, the one transitory, from the wealth and shoddiness of the north; the other permanent, from the expatriation of the south. The Americans group themselves around the Champs Elysées, and they are credited by André Léo, who has their literary treatment in hand, with less stiffness than the British, and a more open and agreeable physiognomy. Nor do they like the English. "Anglophobia," says Léo, "is, as a national and popular sentiment, even stronger with the Americans than with the French." Many Americans live in Paris for the education of their children, others in order to prosecute their own studies. American birds of passage simply take flight from Astor House to the Grand Hôtel, the latter of which has become a mere Yankee caravanseraï. For one "insular" ten Americans may be seen arriving there. If they go out, it is to Bowles and Drevett's, Tucker's, Monroe's, or Norton's, their bankers. An American banker is not exclusive, and always on the guard, as if fenced in by a prickly-hedge, as in France and England; he keeps an office for inquiry, and the Yankee reads there his own papers. It is the same with the minister. He has to present every month a group of some hundreds of his countrymen and countrywomen, simply on their demand, at the Tuileries. The American ladies are a great catch for Parisian industrialists — a class of persons who as regularly lay out their nets for strangers as the fisherman does for sparkling mackerel and open-mouthed cod. What, indeed, would become of the Parisian tradesmen and modistes were it not for this influx of strangers? General Dix has to receive these democratic lovers of pomp and imperialism every Wednesday and Saturday. The luxury of shoddiness and petroleum is something wonderful. One-half of the "huit resorts" in the Bois belong to Yankees. As to jewellery, velvets, silks, and satins, they make up in purchases in Paris for the exactions of their home tariff. American girls do not, however, we are told, get on well in Paris. They walk with the assurance of a conquering race; they are proverbially well educated, but they miss the confidential intercourse with the men which is in vogue at home. There is no confidence in French respect for females, and the fault, Léo admits, does not lie with the Americans. The men get on better;

whilst the daughters are dancing at Perrin's, they are dining at Peter's or Philippe's, eating buckwheat-cakes at Charley's, or imbibing malt at the Brasserie du Faubourg Montmartre. Good servants are so difficult to get in Paris now-a-days, that the Americans have, like the English, been obliged to give up housekeeping and go into boarding-houses. It is an opinion generally entertained in Paris that the American only esteems a thing according to its price, so it is almost needless to say that the Parisian profits by this peculiarity in transatlantic taste. The only French paper they condescend to read is, we are also told, the *Opinion Nationale*.

Another modern element in Parisian society, and one which has assumed a remarkable development in recent times, is the Spanish-American. Twenty years ago the Englishman was the lion of the boulevards. Hotel-keepers and tradesmen called him "Mylord," without asking for his credentials. Then came the feudal lords of Russia; but they no longer throw roubles out of the windows, give splendid fêtes, or subsidise half the figurantes of Paris. The Spanish-American (and the Parisian, with his usual laxity in geography and ethnology, includes the Brazilian in the group) has almost monopolised the favour of Parisians and Parisiennes in the present day. He has introduced himself on the boulevards, and Thiboust and Meilhac have introduced him on the stage. Yet, with the exception of a few political refugees and Mexican intriguers, the Brazilians and American-Spaniards are of very retired, quiet, studious, and domesticated habits, rather avoiding than seeking or courting noise and reputation. They make the fortune of the Quartier Latin, and by their general habits so assimilate with the French as to have become extremely popular. They are, however, depicted with a liberality worthy of Paris by one of themselves — M. de Hebedia. The Polish colony of Paris, by Charles Edmond, is not a cheerful sketch; nor, indeed, is the Russian colony, by Herzen. The days are gone by when Radziwil bought a row of houses, merely to construct a passage from his home to the Palais Royal. The "Orientals" in Paris have been entrusted to Madame Dora d'Istria, who seems to think that the modern Greek is their only representative. Batallard's Bohemians or Tziganes (gipsies) in Paris has the serious fault of being too general and too philosophical. There is no local colour about it.

Laboulaye of the Institut writes the arti-

cle on the Parisian press, and Emile de Girardin that on the daily papers. Berardi, in an article on foreign papers, tells us that the emperor no longer reads the *Times*, although it is still the most largely circulated of English papers. Next to it come the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*, and then the *Daily Telegraph*, whose correspondent is "a regular attendant at official receptions." After the *Daily Telegraph* comes the *News of the World*. Of other papers, the *Indépendance Belge*, the *Gazette of Cologne*, the *Gazette of Augsburg*, and the *Gazette of the Cross*, have the largest circulation. The *International*, published in London, is, we are also told, especially favoured by the French government. Perhaps another word would have better expressed what is meant.

The gardens of Paris, created after the Exposition of 1855, rank among the chief modern improvements, whether in regard to sanitary conditions or to mere embellishment. To those who remember the famous tower of Saint Jacques, with its four angles clad with sculptures like moss, as Victor Hugo has it, buried in a heap of old incongruous houses, the change to a light elegant structure rising out of an open garden is very pleasing. Notwithstanding so central a situation, wigandias, and other trees and shrubs of intertropical climates, flourish there. The clearance effected to give place to the Jardin du Temple was even still more desirable. It is natural that different gardens should be frequented by different classes of people. The old nobility haunt the Jardin de Sainte Clotilde, the Jardin des Innocents belongs to the children of men of business, the Luxembourg to students, and the Garden of Plants to the savans; but not less care is bestowed upon the garden of the people — as that "du Temple" essentially is — than upon those of the wealthy classes. Nothing is wanting to please the eye and improve the taste, from rocks and waters, to rare and beautiful flowers, shrubs, and trees.

Not only have the Place Richelieu, the Place Royale, once the abode of the "Précieuses," been planted, but so also have portions of the Champs Elysées. The Parc Monceaux, however, surpasses all other gardens in the beauty and rarity of its plants. The names, one of the contributors remarks, are hard. Still more does this become the case when nations rival one another in absurdity of nomenclature. The giant pine of California — a Titan among trees — was discovered by an Englishman, who named it Wellingtonia. But the Yankees said it was found on American soil, and so they

dubbed it Washingtonia; and then came the French, who declared that it belonged to a known genus, and was only a Sequoia, and so they persist in calling it. It is the same with the Begonia, so well known for its violet-coloured leaves, and which, in England called *B. grandis*, is ticketed in Paris as *B. imperator*.

The Parc des Buttes Chaumont possesses some interest, as a picturesque place woven out of abandoned quarries of plaster of paris, just as Rosherville is out of old chalk quarries, and as having effected a clearance of a population of gipsies, thieves, and dangerous persons. This garden was inaugurated the same day as the Exposition of the present year. It has a lake, three restaurants, a temple, rocks clad with cedars from the Himmaleh, and old quarries converted into fairy grottoes. Alphonse Karr, writing upon the flowers of Paris, shows that, from the time when Julian called the city his dear Lutetia, and Clovis designated it as the chief city of the Gauls, it was always a beautiful spot, surrounded by woods and filled with gardens; and there are plenty of evidences of its having continued to be so, till one after another, la courtille, l'île aux treilles, and a hundred other vineyards, orchards, and pleasure-gardens, had to give way to an ever-increasing population. There is no question but that the position of Paris, in the very heart of a tertiary basin of its own, has ever marked it out as the seat of a beautiful city.

It used to be said, "See Naples and die!" Now people are less prepared to die, and they say, "See the Bois de Boulogne, and drive there!" Hyde Park is the promenade of London, the Prater that of Vienna, the Prado that of Madrid, the Cascino that of Florence; but the "Bois" is the promenade of the world! At least, so Amédée Achard tells us. The time for a drive in the Bois is from two to four in winter, from five to seven in the summer. In the morning it is given up to jockeys and sportsmen! Pedestrians, especially young couples, are, however, to be met with at all hours of the day. Frequently a procession is encountered, headed by a gentleman in black and a lady with a white veil and orange-flowers. The ladies declare that these are the emblems of innocence, but the sceptical gentlemen exclaim against them as the *ne plus ultra* of audacity. There are, indeed, some men in Paris who would rather storm the Malakoff than be the man in black. But the ladies have their own way in these matters.

The skating-club has, under imperial au-

spices, become an institution of modern times; but it is as uncertain as the politics of the day, and the moment some great gala on the ice is matured, a thaw, with sleet and rain, comes to defeat the project. As the Parisian is always ready for a déjeuner, the Bois is redolent with hospitality. The little Moulin Vert invites you at the extremity of the Avenue de l'Impératrice; the famous Gillet has his "salons de 100 couverts" and "cabinets particuliers" at the Porte Maillot; but the Pavillon d'Armenonville, near the Jardin d'Acclimatation, is the most favoured of all. Twice a year there is a general battue of rabbits, when a franc has to be paid for every coney killed, and proved not to be a dog or a cat, and the money thus collected goes to the hospitals.

The wood park and château of Vincennes possess much that is historically more imposing, and picturesquely more gratifying, than the too manifestly factitious beauties of the Bois. But no one goes there, save groups of bourgeois bound on a picnic, or bonnes with their charges in search of milk from the cow at what is called "la ferme," close by the Tir National.

The boulevards are socially divided into two parts: that of which the Temple constitutes the centre is very happily given over to the veteran panegyrist of grisettes — Paul de Kock; that to which the Boulevard des Italiens constitutes the soul, is entrusted to the more aristocratic pen of De la Bédollière. But, alas! Paul de Kock, of whom one of his confrères writes as a thing gone by, has nothing but reminiscences. Where once was a confused heap of theatres and shows — something like an English fair — are now the Caserne du Prince Eugène and the "Magasin Réunis," where a purchase for a hundred francs is repaid in a certain number of years. The Parisians cannot understand why they should pay at all, if they are to be reimbursed. The Boulevard du Temple was called the Boulevard du Crime, from the melodramatic character of the performances; and the still more ancient quarter, styled the Marais, began at the same point. The old Jardin Turc is now a restaurant, kept by Bonvallet, and much frequented. To obtain a cabinet, it must be secured days beforehand. Robin, the prestidigitator, and Dejazet to whom, like Ninon and Saqui, age is unknown, have their little theatres near the Château d'Eau. Beyond is Dejean's Circus, where Léotard and Batté were first introduced to Paris. Padeloup gives classical concerts there every Sunday, which

Paul de Kock says, the neighbours go to hear, upon the same principle that people go to the Théâtre des Italiens — because it is the thing. "Vanitas vanitatum!" he exclaims; but Paul is getting old. The Boulevard Beaumarchais, which stretches down to the Place de la Bastille, is now one of the handsomest in Paris; but Paul does not tell us who lives there. It is true Ninon dwelt at the corner of the Rue des Tournelles, and Maugiron, Quélus, and Livarot fought Ribérac, D'Entraques, and Schomberg, near the same spot. But those were the times of the Mousquetaires and the Précieuses; now the Théâtre Beaumarchais, small as it is, cannot find an audience.

Fashion indeed changes. The Palais Royal succeeded to the Place Royale and the Marais; and now the boulevards, from the Porte Saint Martin to the Madeleine, have become the centres of movement and pleasure. Commerce, however, still holds its sway from the Porte Saint Denis to that of Montmartre; and a monumental bazaar stands in this region, but it has never thrived. It is not, indeed, till the bronzes of Barbedieune are passed, that the crowd and bustle begins. When a procession has to pass, the places at the raised railings on the Boulevard Montmartre are taken by night, and let next day at extravagant prices. But the boulevard beyond is encumbered with strangers, bourgeois, flâneurs, journalists, artists, actors, and men whose reputation has been made and undone twenty times. Poor veterans! they still linger outside the Café de Madrid, Café de Suède, Café des Variétés, especially at absinthe-time; and they cling to their "soupe à l'oignon" at midnight as persistently as haggard-looking young ladies do in the morning to their "carafe de groseille" in the Palais Royal, before going home. The "passages" are, in the present day, what the Palais Royal was in olden times. Early in the morning they are quiet and silent enough. The only living beings are shop-boys and shop-girls toiling at their respective duties. But towards eleven the habitués of the Diner de Paris, Diner du Rocher, or of the Diner du Passage Jouffroy, begin to pick their way through shawls, toys, flower-pots, arm-chairs, and aquariums, in pursuit of their déjeuners. They are easily recognised by their anxious looks at their watches, to see if it is really eleven. At mid-day provincials and strangers make their appearance. They are just as easily recognised, by their looking at the shops. The crowd is materially increased

by numbers of industrials, journalists, artists, actors, and others, who have to take the "passages" on their way. There are also many persons who take positions "en permanence" in the passages, for purposes of their own. At five the journals du soir are distributed at the kiosks of the boulevards, and great is the noise and confusion — a perfect Babel of languages. It is not without reason that there are a "librairie internationale" and literary salons in the boulevards. Some people have to consult a dictionary to make their wishes known. At six o'clock the excitement becomes intense. The faubourg makes its appearance. The inhabitants of the "quartiers" Breda and Notre Dame de Lorette advance to the conquest of the boulevards. Their approach is signalised by the rattle of jet ornaments, the rustling of silks, and the odour of musk. The uniform worn by these Amazons, and the variety and absurdity of hats and feathers, is something appalling, even in Paris. They not the less take up their strategic positions with all the gravity of veteran soldiers, from the passage Jouffroy to the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. The daily carnival of Paris now begins. The "jeunesse dorée" of modern times received its name of "gandins" from this very Boulevard des Italiens, to which the memory of 1815 has attached the traditional and popular name of Boulevard de Gand. The name alone suffices to conjure up to all true Parisians the memory of those "souters fins," and prolonged orgies, with which the daily carnival of the auricle of the heart of Europe, and indeed of the world, is, as a matter of course, brought to a conclusion.

#### THOSE BUTCHERS' BILLS.

THOSE butchers' bills, those butchers' bills!  
How many a mind their total fills,  
Reflecting, at this costly time,  
On loin and leg, on coarse and prime!

Those happy days are passed away,  
When sixpence round we used to pay,  
And sometimes, if the joint was veal,  
A sweetbread graced the closing meal.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,  
Those butchers still will lay it on;  
And other bards, with other quills,  
Will write about their heavy bills.  
— Punch.



From The Spectator, Jan. 11.

## THE LAWS OF ALLEGIANCE.

It is very possible, we think it nearly certain, that the Laws of Allegiance will next Session come before Parliament in a very serious form. The "tall talk" in the American House of Representatives does not always mean much, more especially as that House has no direct connection with foreign affairs; but there is no doubt that in this case the people of the United States share the feelings of their representatives. They have two motives for susceptibility upon the subject, one of which has entirely escaped publicists on this side of the Atlantic. In the first place, they dislike very much the idea of permitting immigrants to retain their former with their new allegiance, to have, as they express it, "two countries." Not to mention the use made of the old rule during the Civil War to avoid service, they wish that all immigrants who settle among them should look to America as their home, should cease to think about the "Old World," should, as they constantly tell the Irish, choose between the "Starry" flag and the Green one. They want America to absorb, and not simply to be visited by, Europeans. In the second place, the grievance is the only one which combines two classes of settlers usually antagonistic — the Germans and the Irish. Naturally, the Germans who emigrate do it just before they would be liable to military service, and naturally also the German Governments, who regard the liability to conscription as a semi-sacred obligation, catch them whenever they go back again. On the other hand, the Irish complain that when arrested in England for political offences, they can get no help whatever from the American Minister, who does not consider them citizens of the United States in the full sense. They are refused, for example, the privilege, of which they think much, of being tried by mixed juries, a privilege intended, we may remark, only to secure the intelligibility to the jury of the prisoner's defence. The Germans and Irish combined are very powerful, and American politicians are naturally anxious that their pet grievance, which seems to them a mere relic of bygone ideas, of the personal relation between subject and monarch, should be removed. We have little doubt negotiations on the subject will be commenced both with Prussia and England, and as little that if the American Government will meet some serious difficulties of detail in a

frank spirit those negotiations will be successful. There is really nothing to resist, though there is a great deal to arrange. There may be even in England, and there certainly are in Prussia, a few people remaining who consider a transfer of allegiance a moral wrong; who hold, to quote the extreme example, that for a person born in England to fire on a Queen's ship is an act of treachery deserving of the gallows; who think, as, for instance, Galt the novelist thought, and said in a speech of strangely pathetic eloquence put into the mouth of Laurie Todd, that a man who changed his allegiance "betrayed" his country, but statesmen have become more cosmopolitan in their ideas. With them the question will be simply one of national expediency, and national expediency tells all on one side. There is no use whatever in keeping an unwilling subject who lives abroad, in forcing a man to render service the value of which consists in the willingness with which it is rendered. The only result of such laws is to compel those who are subjected to them to fight, if they do fight, with a halter round their necks, that is, to make them admirable enemies; or if they do not fight, to reduce them to neutrals who earnestly desire the victory of the illegal cause. In no case can any assistance be obtained from them, for though we admit the occasional value of an unwilling ally, the unwillingness is effective when there is no power of compulsion; and even in Prussia the law, instead of yielding unwilling conscripts to the Army, only serves to keep wealthy, and therefore useful, visitors away.

Of the law itself there can be no doubt. Allegiance, by the admission of all American as well as all European legalists, cannot be terminated in the present state of the law by the act of the person subject to the law. A man might as well claim the right to advertise that he would never keep a contract, and plead that as a reason why breach of contract on his part was not punishable by law. The practice supports the theory, for we still claim the right of shooting British subjects taken in arms against the Queen, and though we seldom actually execute, the right has never been abandoned. What should we lose if it were? Simply a proud but most unreal belief that British citizenship can never be shaken off, that the Queen can claim her subject, the country its citizen under all circumstances, that nothing save death can terminate the obligations of the Briton to his flag? What is that belief in practice worth? Nothing at



all. Every year a hundred or two hundred thousand persons quit the United Kingdom for an alien or, it may be, hostile shore, enlist in its armies, swell its revenues, cultivate its fields, add their whole strength to its resources for war as well as peace. We have no means, even if we had the will, to stop that process, to check this extraordinary exodus, — far more marvellous than the outpouring of Asia upon Europe which crushed the Roman world, — which is every year hurrying an army as great as Attila's from the old world to the new. To hold these emigrants to their allegiance is folly. We cannot hold them. All we can do is by claiming to hold them to make them rather more deadly enemies than they otherwise would become. But if they return? They must return either as friends or foes. If as friends, they will swell our resources quite as much under the name of Americans as under that of American Irish; if as enemies, their double nationality is an additional difficulty in the way of dealing with them. They claim all the sympathy due to political martyrs, and all the diplomatic protection sometimes accorded to concealed filibusters. Kelly and Deasy, if Americans, would be ordinary pirates, invaders unrecognized by their own country and unacknowledged by ours, liable to the fate of such men — military execution. The mixed jury of which they think so much is a merely municipal institution, which has become wholly unnecessary, which can be abolished in a month, and which is never claimed by men of any other race, who know quite well their own countrymen will give them the benefit of fewer doubts than the placable English bourgeois. Nationality gives no right of invasion, and what except invasion have we to dread from foreigners? But they may repent and become British citizens again? Certainly they may, and we have only to make naturalization easy to gratify to the full that most laudable desire. As a matter of fact there are not twenty applications a year for naturalization for the very simple reason that in England, every resident is treated as a British subject, unless he himself pleads that he objects to be so treated. At least one alien is a Member of Parliament, and there are hundreds who, if the question were ever seriously mooted, would find it impossible to prove their nationality. How many sugar-bakers, or tailors, or confectioners in London ever take out letters of naturalization? The truth is, that partly from indifference, partly from an honest belief that the stran-

ger within our gates brings aid and not injury, we do already, without law, all the Americans are about to say ought to be done by law.

Difficulties of details there will be, we admit, and some of them of a very serious character. The changes can be effected only by treaty, and that treaty must, to some extent, override municipal law. For one example, we cannot either permit or claim the right of naturalization without consent, reasonable delay, and legal formalities. A man may reside fifty years in a foreign country, and if he continuously claims British protection he must be protected, if necessary, by the national sword. Not to protect him is to resign our claim to be a nation. Then we cannot be permitted to deny the right, say, of a French tribunal to judge M. Louis Blanc *par contumace* for articles in the *Temps*, merely because he has resided and been respected among us for sixteen years. He must perform some act to be specified by treaty relieving himself of French rights and acquiring ours, — we beg his pardon heartily for suggesting even as an argument such a degradation. Nor can the United States be permitted to decree a three months' or one month's residence, sufficient for naturalization by international law. That would be simply to decree that every Canadian sailor was at liberty to choose between two sides without really accepting the obligations of either, a position practically intolerable. Some formal and visible mode of naturalization must be settled by treaty, to the immense content of Americans on the seaboard, who are now crushed by immigrant votes thrown by persons who have never complied with any law at all. And finally, it will be necessary to abolish the absurd laws under which, in most countries, aliens not naturalized are forbidden to acquire real estate, laws which, for example, if naturalization meant the renunciation of one's own country, would empty Geneva of its richest and most useful landed proprietors. But with these details arranged we see no reason why any man residing abroad, after a delay, say, of one year, should not be allowed to select the nationality to which he chooses to belong. If an Irishman in America likes to be an American, why not let him? why compel him to be a subject of Her Majesty just when his subjection prevents our punishing him for invasion without national warrant? There is no need to compel any man to quit us, and no justification for doing it; but there is also

no need to prevent him, and only an imaginary justification for doing it. "Allegiance" is not an abstract moral virtue, but a duty of citizenship imposed for the common good, like the duty of paying taxes; and to claim the allegiance of an Irishman in Illinois because he was born without his own consent in Cork, is as absurd as it would be to claim a right to tax him for the same reason. If he may pay taxes to buy bullets to shoot us with, as he must by all laws municipal and international, why may he not also fire off the bullets? Let the man choose, and having chosen, treat him as if he were by birth a subject of another State, as he is by a much better right, his own decision.

But we may be asked, granting the rightfulness of the change, why should it be made? Why not leave things as they have existed ever since the consolidation of the feudal order of society? For two reasons; first, that a powerful ally, who may be a dangerous enemy, asks us to make the change; and, secondly, because the change would be greatly to our political advantage. The first reason needs no comment except this, that no journal will advocate resistance to America in a just cause—like, for example, the seizure of the *Trent*,—sooner than ours; but this, while emigration is allowed or encouraged, is not a just cause. The second is much more complete than ordinary politicians think. These Americanized Irish are a nuisance, simply because they are Irish Americanized, and not Americans pure and simple. If they were, their own Government would have the business of controlling them, or would be responsible for them. If they were, they would not be patriots, but foreign invaders, liable under a strong Alien Act to summary deportation, or to be treated as invaders taken with arms in their hands. If they were, the patriotism of the country would not be confused by a vague notion which, if Englishmen ever formalized anything, would probably express itself in a doubt whether, after all, the "sacred right of insurrection" did not somehow exist. It is we, not the Americans, who will gain, and gain very greatly, by surrendering a claim which we can never enforce when it would be useful, which hampers our domestic action against conspirators, and which is as inconsistent with the ideas of the nineteenth century as the right of persecution. All facts must sooner or later be recognized by wise legislators, and the grand fact of our generation, the fact before which new Army Bills are trivialities, is that Eu-

rope pours an army of 800,000 souls every year into North America, an army which Europe may claim if it pleases, but which becomes, in all substantial points, heartily American.

From The Saturday Review, Nov. 25.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE official paragraph which announces the Government Bill for acquiring possession of the telegraph system leaves it in doubt whether the purchase is to be optional or compulsory; but if the Post Office is authorized to establish telegraphic communication, the Companies will have no practical choice in the matter. As the current of popular opinion has of late set strongly in favour of administrative centralization, there can be little doubt that Parliament will favour the withdrawal of the telegraphs from the control of private enterprise; and if the proposed terms of purchase are equitable, it will scarcely be worth the while of the shareholders to resist. The grant of full compensation is as expedient as it is just, for adventurers who try mechanical and commercial experiments for the public good are likely to be discouraged if the fruits of success are appropriated by the community. If the telegraph had proved a failure, Parliament would not have made good the loss, and it has no right to claim on behalf of the State the actual or proximate profits. The only legitimate gain to the revenue must arise from unity of management, and from the saving which may perhaps arise from the employment of postmasters, and the use of the existing post-offices. It may be admitted that the Telegraph Companies have not troubled themselves to earn popularity by extending and improving public accommodation. With an obstinacy or obtuseness which will perhaps be inherited by their Post Office successors, they have steadily disregarded the essential consideration of speed in the transmission of messages. Finding it impossible to restrain the velocity of the electric fluid from end to end of the wire, they are accustomed to lose at either end of the journey as much as possible of the time which is saved between the operator and the receiving-office. The boys who carry telegraphic despatches may be recognised by their loitering gait, and the clerks are apparently

selected for their indifference to the urgency of customers. Still graver inconvenience is caused by the want of reciprocal arrangements among different Companies. There is no telegraph-office in the kingdom which possesses an accurate list of all stations to which a message can be despatched, although the clerks generally consent to receive the message and the payment, afterwards exercising a discretion as to the performance of the contract. In the hope that the Post Office will do the work better and cheaper, a majority of those who use the electric telegraph will almost certainly support the proposal of the Government. The scheme, in common with almost all the financial and administrative measures of the present Government, originated during Mr. GLADSTONE'S tenure of office, so that it will not be impeded by party opposition. If the Bill is referred to a Select Committee, the Companies will probably confine their objections to any alleged insufficiency of compensation, knowing that when the preamble is passed their interests will be at the mercy of Parliament. The capital invested in telegraphs is small in proportion to the extent of the undertaking, and the Government, being comparatively indifferent to loss, could at once ruin any recalcitrant Company by a privileged competition.

The promoters of the scheme state with perfect truth that many towns and villages are at present without telegraphic communication, and the implied inference that the Post Office will supply the want represents, it may be hoped, the serious intentions of the department; yet it will be strange if, in the administration of the telegraph system, the Post Office throws aside its habitual indifference to the efficiency of the public service in rural districts. In all practicable cases the Office prefers mail-carts to railways, and foot-postmen to mail-carts; nor is any sight more common in a country village than the passage of a mail-train on its way to a distant post town, from which a messenger walks back at his leisure with the post bags in the course of the day. The bags from London to one of the principal county towns in the home district are once a day taken by a mail-cart over a bleak hill which is always rendered impassable by snow three or four times in the course of the winter. Two railways have for many years connected the town directly with London; but the opportunity of exhibiting despotic power and of inflicting public inconvenience offers an irresistible attraction to the Post Office.

When private persons who are aggrieved write to complain of abuses, their letters are referred to the District Inspector, who of course reports that his own arrangements require no change or improvement. It is not every district which is blessed with an active railway Director, or with a zealous member of Parliament; and unless there is a peer in the neighbourhood who cares to receive his letters early, there is no opportunity of appealing to the exalted dignitary who nominally presides over the department. As a general rule, it may be assumed that every newspaper paragraph on matters relating to the Post Office proceeds from official sources; and attentive readers will often find that ostentatious announcements of changes point to a withdrawal of accommodation. In Post Office language, a rule that letters must be posted at an earlier hour than before is commonly headed "Acceleration of the Mails." In one of the official articles on the proposed assumption of the telegraphs, the writer incautiously dwelt on the convenience which would be derived from the transmission of telegraphic messages by the letter-carriers in their rounds. Only a Post Office functionary could have failed to perceive that the lazy boys who are to be superseded by the letter-carriers are at least sent on special errands, soon after the arrival of messages at the office. The periodical circulation of despatches, which for the most part represent immediate urgency, would render telegraphs practically useless. A letter received at St. Martin's-le-Grand at three p. m. is at present delivered in the Tyburnian district between seven and eight, and, according to the official plan, telegraphic messages will hereafter be even more wantonly delayed. It is often worth while to save five hours out of six by sending a telegram, but few persons would care to send a message to London with the knowledge that it would reach its destination four hours after its arrival at the office. If special messengers are employed, there will in that respect be no diminution of expense; but the rent of offices will be saved, and in many instances the postmasters or their assistants may conveniently undertake the duties of telegraph operators and clerks. The extension of the system of uniform charges from letters to messages will be perfectly reasonable. It may be an anomaly that a letter should be sent from Cornwall to the Orkneys for a penny, but additional distance has no perceptible influence on the cost of a telegram. As Sir Rowland Hill has taught the pres

ent generation the habit, if not the art, of writing, so cheapness and facility of telegraphic communication will perhaps tend to substitute messages for letters; but if the tariff is properly adjusted, the revenue of the office will be secured, even if the sources from which it is derived are in some degree altered. As a message employs more labour for its transmission than a letter, the charge may properly be higher, but the Companies have probably not yet lowered their tariff to the most profitable level.

It will not be necessary to secure to the Post Office the monopoly of telegraphic despatches, although the department has the exclusive right of conveying letters. If private owners of a line can undersell the Government, their enterprise will prove that the charges are too high, and it is unlikely that such an enterprise would be attempted except as a corrective of notorious evils. The railways will find it necessary to maintain their telegraphs for the service of their lines, and there will be some difficulty in placing the same instruments in the hands of the Post Office for general use; but details of this kind can be arranged by competent persons when the principle of the transfer has once been admitted. There will be room for financial ingenuity in the necessary arrangement for charging the principal and interest of the purchase-money on the profits of the undertaking. The net revenue of the Post Office is a tax levied at an arbitrary rate; nor is there any abstract reason against performing at cost price a service which requires little or no capital. The form of the impost is not likely to be changed, because a penny is a convenient price of postage, and a million and a quarter of income is welcome to the Exchequer; but it is possible that at some future time the tax may be remitted, and the payment for postage regulated by the outlay. The telegraph wires must, in the first instance, bear the burden of the interest of the purchase-money, and of a sinking-fund for instalments of the principal. The Government will also expect to receive a percentage on the receipts, as in the case of letters. Even if the undertaking involves neither profit nor loss, it will perhaps tend to the public advantage by promoting cheapness and establishing uniformity.

A small portion of a Roman tessellated pavement has been discovered by workmen while preparing the foundations for the restoration of the south transept of Gloucester Cathedral.

From The Spectator, Nov. 23.

#### GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE Tory Government is apparently about to do a very wise and a very large thing, in doing which they will, unless we are greatly mistaken, have the cordial support of Mr. Gladstone, the originator of the design. According to the *Observer*, a Bill, drafted some time since, is to be introduced this session giving the Postmaster-General power to purchase, work, and extend all Telegraphs in Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Scudamore, moreover, has been directed to make the arrangements with the Companies and to organize the new Department, which will be arranged upon the theory of equal justice to all divisions and sections of divisions in the kingdom, and will make the attempt to introduce a uniform system of charge independent of distance, and based, we hope, upon the clear, intelligible, and just tariff of a penny, a halfpenny, or a farthing per word, without useless complications as to length of message, inclusion or exclusion of address, or anything else. The choice of an agent is of itself a most significant fact. We know nothing of Mr. Scudamore, but we have noticed for some years past that whenever Government intends to construct anything, to step out of the routine of sweeping paths clear, a notice has appeared that Mr. Scudamore is engaged in the matter, and the ultimate scheme comes out large, simple, and efficient. Nothing so big in principle as the State Bank system has ever been constructed in our time, and, if we are not mistaken, that scheme, which made the nation the banker of the poor, was due in all but conception to Mr. Scudamore. However that may be, it seems clear that the Government has resolved upon a really great measure of internal improvement, — a measure which, as we have consistently argued, will triple the beneficial influence of the Post Office, and we only regret that its final adoption will not be left to the Householder Parliament. It would be a good test of the capacity of that new Sovereign to understand his age. It would compel him to decide once for all whether he intends to tread the old and weary path of mere destruction, or, to put it more fairly, of mere cleansing, or so to organize the nation that no crumblings or fragments of its aggregate power should be uselessly thrown away. The absorption of the Telegraphs is a test question for Liberal statesmen. There is no need to abuse the existing Com-



panies, which have, on the whole, and with one marked exception, — their failure to provide sufficient facilities of delivery — done their duty as well as the claims of their shareholders would allow, but it is certain that they have not the power to make telegraphic communication a national or universal benefit. They cannot honestly carry it where it does not pay, and the districts in which it does not pay are the districts which want it most. Caithness, for instance, loses thousands a year in the value of its herring "take" for want of a telegraph, which, as the Companies think, would cost them some fraction of their dividend. The case is the same in parts of Wales, and, indeed, in all districts which lead nowhere and contain no great centres of population. They, overweighted already by their seclusion, are left without the one instrument to which distance is no barrier, which can cross fifty miles of moor or morass as quickly as five miles of granite road or iron rails. Nor can the Companies reach the masses of the people. Unable to stretch their lines everywhere, they are equally unable to make the great experiment of reaching all classes, by the reduction of their rates to a uniform figure within the reach of every man who is in earnest about his message. A shilling does not seem much, but unless the receiver of the message lives within a certain distance of the station delivery costs him three times the charge, and quick delivery, that is, delivery on horseback, sometimes six or seven times as much. The writer himself sent a message into North Essex some time back, the charge for which was under half-a-crown, while the cost of delivery was 19s. Nothing short of the universal extension of the telegraph till a message can be transmitted to every post-office will extinguish this evil, and even then the increase of stations must be accompanied with such a reduction of fares as will tempt the masses to try the "lightning post." It is impossible wholly to destroy the advantage of wealth in such matters, but the telegraph will remain of little use till every householder can, by walking a mile, send a short message to any part of the United Kingdom, for, say, sixpence. The difficulty of supplying wires sufficient for such a business is merely part of the same inconvenience. Our Companies are, to be sure, timid, the writer having counted at Vienna upwards of seventy wires upon the same poles; but if they were not, they could not, burdened as they are, by high rates, by expensive ser-

vants, and by the demand for immediate dividends, supply facilities so great. It is only the State, which will pay little or no office rent, which will need but one supervising authority, which will obtain female signallers at marvellously low rates, and which will appeal to the entire people, that can undertake the experiment. Of its ultimate success, if the stations are everywhere, the rates low and uniform, and delivery swift, we cannot entertain a doubt. We may have to invest a million or two at first, but within three years England will have grown perceptibly smaller, all business will be accelerated, all districts feel that they are in instant and close relation to all others, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to announce a future and definite prospect of a new relief to the taxation of the country. So believing, we are not sorry that the Act contemplates the voluntary and not the compulsory transfer of the lines. That course will make their purchase a little more expensive, it may be, though juries are not much to be trusted; but it avoids the needless irritation of a great interest and a future hostility of criticism which is above all things dangerous, because it will compel the Department to seek for pecuniary, before it has secured national, results. Once established for three years, it will be as easy to abolish the State Post as the State Telegraph.

The purchase of the Telegraphs is, however, a mere matter of detail, compared with the change of tone which a parliamentary assent to that purchase will reveal. Twenty-five years ago any such proposition would have been scouted as preposterous. The middle class had accustomed itself to believe that its individual members could do anything, but that its total representation could do nothing; that a Board of Directors was always wiser than a Cabinet, a Company less wasteful than a Department, a Chairman stronger than a great official. The success of the Post Office, of the new Police — the most successful experiment ever tried, which has never received a tenth of the credit it deserves — of special departments like the Royal Artillery, taught it nothing, and it went on lauding itself and "individual enterprise," till thoughtful men grew sick of the very words. The illusion cost the country, in one department of effort alone, some two hundred millions sterling, and it is now nearly cured. The middle class knows that it has mismanaged the Railway system, its greatest enterprise, as completely as the silliest gov-



ernment could have done, far worse, for example, than the Government of Switzerland has done, and is beginning to doubt whether the nation is the feeblest of all Companies. At the same time, the old dread of the State is decaying as men become convinced that the State is but themselves well organized, and we do not despair yet of seeing the counter theory, that "no monopoly can be worked for the national benefit except through the nation," openly acknowledged by English statesmen, and the further proposition, that "the weakness of individuals ought to be supplemented by the strength of all," receive what it has never had yet, a fair discussion. If those great changes ever occur, and the tendency of events is in that direction, we shall yet see the State owning and managing all railways, pauperism attacked through the application under State guarantees of the principle of insurance, the poorer cities, like East London, assisted out of State revenue, compulsory education, compulsory hygiene, a State trustee whom testators may at their discretion employ, and a guardianship for the orphans of the poor, which the State now provides for the orphans of the rich. Not one of these things of course will come immediately, many of them may not come for years; but every great step we take is in that direction, and if the new electorate will but see, as it may be made to see, that acts like the purchase of the Telegraphs are in its own direct interest — that the rich can protect themselves, but only the State can be trusted to secure fair advantages to the poor — the march will speedily become swift. If we are to have democracy, let it at least be constructive, and it is towards constructive democracy, the use of the organized power of all to secure increased comfort and faculties to all, that Mr. Scudamore's mission tends. The destructive work is nearly done, and the first duty of Liberals is now to see that every man in the nation has, as far as organization can secure it, a fair chance, some education, some possibility of a civilized dwelling, some share in the benefits of the national growth in scientific knowledge, some part in the vast race of English careers. Civilization has not given a Dorsetshire labourer much except lucifer-matches and the penny post; suppose, as its next step, it gives the power of swift travel, first, for his thoughts, and afterwards for himself? Tell a Wick fisherman that he can telegraph to his salesman at Aberdeen and Leith for threepence, and reach

either place for a farthing a mile, and he will at last feel that the State means to him something besides police and judges, that it can aid as well as restrain, lift as well as level.

**DESICCATED EGG.** — Mr. Charles Lamont has discovered and patented a very ingenious process for preparing eggs so that they may be kept for years without change or decay. The process consists, as described by the *Chemical News*, in emptying the fresh eggs from the shell into a long covered trough; a shaft, armed with a series of metallic discs about fifteen or twenty inches in diameter, is made to descend into this trough while revolving, which beats the eggs into homogeneousness, and covers the surfaces of the discs with a thin covering of egg. The discs, still revolving, are elevated from the trough, and a current of hot air passed through the covered box, which quickly dries the egg, when a series of scrapers are brought into action, so as to scrape off the egg in the form of fine thin scales or granules, which have the appearance of being crystallized. This process may be repeated *ad libitum*. The preparation thus obtained retains perfectly all the properties and flavour of the fresh egg, and may be used for the various purposes where broken egg is needed, and for cooking, by dissolving a little in water and beating it as usual. One pound is equal to forty-four eggs; 100 dozen eggs, when crystallized or desiccated, occupy one cubic foot. We are glad that this very useful article of diet has been added to the now long list of preserved articles of food. An enterprising company in New York have, we understand, purchased the invention, and it is now being successfully introduced into the market.

**TRANSPORT OF FRESH MEAT.** — Fresh meat is now conveyed in America, says the *Scientific Review*, over distances varying from 500 to 1,000 miles, from the far West to New York, in railway waggons specially constructed for preventing decomposition. The waggon is made with a double casing, giving a space of about three inches between the inner and outer shells, which is filled in with cork, in order to reduce conduction as much as possible. Under the metallic floor of the waggon are fitted air-tubes surrounded by ice, and in the roof of the waggon is mounted a ventilator, which is kept in action by the motion of the train. Thus air is made to pass through the cooled tubes, and to circulate constantly through the waggon, at a temperature not exceeding 40° or 45° F. Each waggon contains the flesh of 6 oxen and 122 sheep, and delivers its contents perfectly cool and fresh at the markets or shops of the New England metropolis.